

T H E
W O R L D Display'd:
 O R,
MANKIND painted in their proper Colours.

Consisting of the various Characters and Passions of the
 Inhabitants of the **W O R L D**, viz.

The young Man
 The stay'd Man
 The good old Man
 The modest Man
 The bold Man
 The complaisant Man
 The rich Man
 The poor Man
 The self-conceited Man
 The suspicious Man
 The reserved Man
 The contemplative Man
 The ordinary honest Man
 The lascivious Man
 The prophane Man
 The World's wise Man
 The proud Man
 The meddling Man
 The weak Man

The affected Man
 The mere great Man
 The plain Countryman
 The jealous Man
 The sordid rich Man
W O M E N.
 The wanton Woman
 The modest Woman
 The pretended godly
 Woman
 The religious Woman
 The witty Woman
 The prudent Woman
 The penurious Woman
 The gaming Woman
 The good Housewife
 The diligent Woman
 The litigious Woman
 The quiet Woman

Character of a good Prime-Minister. A good Lord-Mayor.
 Good Magistrates. An Attorney. A raw young Preacher.
 An Alderman. An upstart Knight. A Coward. A Physician.
 A Surgeon. An Apothecary. A Citizen. A grave Divine
 A handsome Bar-keeper. A University Dun. A Sergeant, or
 Catchpole. Common Singing Men. Musicians. A Trumpeter.
 With many **O T H E R S.**

To which is added,

A Description of a P R I S O N:

Particularly Ludgate; Newgate; the two Compters; Bride-
 well; New-Prison, Clerkenwell; Gatehouse, Westminster;
 and the New Gaol, Southwark, with the Characters of their
 several Keepers, Turnkeys, &c.

The World's a Stage, and all the M E N and W O M E N are Players.
Shakespear's As you like It.

L O N D O N:
 Printed for, and Sold by the Booksellers of London and
 Westminster. M.DCC.XLII.

T H E
EDITOR'S PREFACE.

SOME of the Essays contained in this little Book, had, a great many Tears ago, several Editions printed, part of which Essays shall be inserted, they being excellent in their Kind, and written by Dr. John Earle, first of Christ-Church, afterwards of Merton-College, Oxford; Tutor to Prince Charles in 1643, elected one of the Assembly of Divines, but refused to act, and lost all he had for his Loyalty. He was, after the Restoration, Dean of Westminster, and one of the Coadjutors in the Revival of our present Liturgy, and successively Bishop of Worcester and Salisbury. He was a very genteel Man, yet religious, and a Contemner of the World: In his Youth an excellent Orator and Poet, in his advanced Years an admirable Preacher and Disputant. By the Testimony of an Enemy, He was a Person of the sweetest and most obliging Good-nature that lived in his Age: And none since have lived whom God hath blessed with more innocent Wisdom, more sanctified Learning, or a more pious primitive peaceable Temper. He attended the Court in 1665, when they retired to Oxford from the Plague, and died November the 17th, and

The Editor's P R E F A C E.

was buried the 25th, near the High Altar in Merton-College Church; and was accompanied to his Grave, from the Publick Schools, by a Herald at Arms, and the principal Persons of the Court and University.

The established Reputation of this great and good Man, will undoubtedly make his Works as acceptable to the Publick now, as they were at first; both for the Entertainment of those who are already experienced in the Ways of Mankind, and for the Information of others who would know the World the best Way, that is, without trying it.

It cannot be expected, that among so great a Variety of Portraits, all should be drawn with equal Excellence, tho' there are scarce any without some masterly Touches. The Change of Fashions unavoidably casts a Shade upon a few Places, yet even those contain an exact Picture of the Age wherein they were written, as the rest does of Mankind in general; for Reflections founded upon Nature will be just in the main, as long as Men are Men, tho' the particular Instances of Vice and Folly may be diversified.

The great Additions which will be made to this Work, as to its modern Capacity, will be done in such a Manner, as we hope will be acceptable to our Readers in general.

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A CHILD

IS a Man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy, whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time, and much handling, dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blur'd note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young 'Prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loth to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums rattles and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mocking of men's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he has out-lived. The elder
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he grows, he is a stair lower from God ; and like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse ; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another.

A young raw PREACHER

IS a Bird not fledged, that hath hopped out of his nest to be chirping on a hedge, and will be straggling abroad at what peril soever. His backwardness in the University hath set him thus forward ; for had he not truanted there, he had not been so hasty a Divine. His small standing and time hath made him a proficient only in boldness, out of which and his table-book he is furnished for a Preacher. His collections of study are the notes of sermons, which taken up at St. Mary's, he utters in the country : And if he write Brachigraphy, his stock is so much the better. His writing is more than his reading, for he reads only what he gets without book. Thus accomplished he comes down to his friends, and his first salutation is grace and peace out of the pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his College more at large. The pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale, 'till the clock stop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his lungs ; and the only thing he has made in it himself, is the faces. He takes on against the Pope without mercy,

mercy, and has a jest still in lavender for Bel-larmine ; yet he preaches heresy, if it comes in his way, though with a mind I must needs say very orthodox. His action is all passion, and his speech interjections. He has an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace. His stile is compounded of twenty several men's, only his body imitates some one extraordinary. He will not draw his handkerchief out of his place, nor blow his nose without discretion. His commendation is, that he never looks upon book ; and indeed he was never used to it. He preaches but once a year, though twice a Sunday ; for the stuff is still the same, only the dressing a little altered : He has more tricks with a sermon, than a taylor with an old cloak, to turn it, and piece it, and at last disguise it with a new preface. If he have waded farther in his profession, and would shew reading of his own, his authors are postils, and his school-divinity a catechism. His fashion and demure habit gets him in with some town-precisian, and makes him a guest on Friday nights. You shall know him by his narrow velvet cape, and serge facing ; and his ruff, next his hair, the shortest thing about him. The companion of his walk is some zealous tradesman, whom he astonishes with strange points, which they both understand alike. His friends and much painfulness may prefer him to thirty pounds a year, and by this means to a chambermaid ; with whom we leave him now in the bonds of wedlock : Next sunday you shall have him again.

A grave DIVINE

IS one that knows the burthen of his calling, and hath studied to make his shoulder sufficient ; for which he hath not been hasty to launch forth of his port the University, but expected the ballast of learning, and the wind of opportunity. Divinity is not the beginning, but the end of his studies ; to which he takes the ordinary stair, and makes the arts his way. He counts it not prophaneness to be polished with human reading, or to smoothe his way by Aristotle to school-divinity. He has founded both religions, and anchored in the best, and is a Protestant out of judgment, not faction ; not because his country, but his reason is on this side. The ministry is his choice, not refuge, and yet the Pulpit not his itch, but fear. His discourse is substance, not all Rhetoric, and he utters more things than words. His speech is not helped with inforced action, but the matter acts itself. He shoots all his meditations at one butt ; and beats upon his text, not the cushion ; making his hearers, not the pulpit groan. In citing of popish errors, he cuts them with arguments, not cudgels them with barren invectives ; and labours more to shew the truth of his cause than the spleen. His Sermon is limited by the method, not the hour-glass ; and his devotion goes along with him out of the pulpit. He comes not up thrice a week, because he would not be idle ; nor talks three hours together, because he would not talk nothing : but his tongue preaches at fit times, and his conversation is the every days exercise. In matters of ceremony, he

he is not ceremonious, but thinks he owes that reverence to the Church to bow his judgment to it, and make more conscience of schism, than a surplice. He esteems the Church's Hierarchy as the Church's Glory, and however we jar with Rome, would not have our confusion distinguish us. In Simoniacal purchases he thinks his soul goes in the bargain, and is loth to come by promotion so dear: yet his worth at length advances him, and the price of his own merit buys him a living. He is no base grater of his tythes, and will not wrangle for the odd egg. The Lawyer is the only man he hinders, by whom he is spited for taking up quarrels. He is a main pillar of our Church, though not yet Dean or Canon, and his life our Religion's best Apology. His death is the last sermon; where in the pulpit of his bed he instructs men to die by his example.

A modest M A N

IS a far finer man than he knows of, one that shews better to all men than himself; and so much the better to all men, as less to himself; for no quality sets a man off like this, and commends him more against his will: and he can put up any injury sooner than this (as he calls it) your irony. You shall hear him confute his commendors, and giving reasons how much they are mistaken, and is angry almost if they do not believe him. Nothing threatens him so much as great expectation, which he thinks more prejudicial than your under-opinion, because it is easier to make that

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false,

false, than this true. He is one that sneaks from a good action, as one that had pilfered, and dare not justify it, and is more blushingly reprehended in this, than others in sin: that counts all publick declarings of himself, but so many penances before the people; and the more you applaud him, the more you abash him, and he recovers not his face a month after. One that is easy to like any thing of another mans, and thinks all he knows not of him better than that he knows. He excuses that to you, which another would impute; and if you pardon him, is satisfied. One that stands in no opinion because it is his own, but suspects it rather, because it is his own, and is confuted and thanks you. He sees nothing more willingly than his errors, and it is his error sometimes to be too soon persuaded. He is content to be auditor, where he only can speak, and content to go away, and think himself instructed. No man is so weak that he is ashamed to learn of, and is less ashamed to confess it; and he finds many times even in the dust, what others overlook and lose. Every man's presence is a kind of bridle to him, to stop the roving of his tongue and passions: and even impudent men look for this reverence from him, and distaste that in him, which they suffer in themselves, as one in whom vice is ill-favoured, and shews more scurvily than another. A bawdy jest shall shame him more than a bastard another man, and he that got it shall censure him among the rest. And he is coward to nothing more than an ill tongue, and whosoever dare lye on him, hath power over him; and if you take him by his look, he is guilty. The main ambition of his life is not to be discredited; and for other things, his desires

fires are more limited than his fortunes, which he thinks preferment, tho' never so mean; and that he is to do something to deserve this. He is too tender to venture on great places, and would not hurt a dignity to help himself: If he do, it was the violence of his friends constrained him, how hardly soever he obtain it, he was harder persuaded to seek it.

A mere dull PHYSICIAN.

HIS practice is some business at bed-sides, and his speculation an urinal. He is distinguished from an Empiric, by a round velvet cap and Doctor's gown, yet no man takes degrees more superfluously, for he is a Doctor however. He is sworn to Galen and Hippocrates, as University-men to their Statutes, tho' they never saw them: and his discourse is all Aphorisms, though his reading be only Alexis of Piedmont, or the Regimen of Health. The best cure he has done, is upon his own purse, which from a lean sickliness he hath made lusty and in flesh. His learning consists much in reckoning up the hard names of diseases, and the superscriptions of gallypots in his Apothecary's shop, which are ranked in his shelves, and the Doctor's memory. He is indeed only languaged in diseases, and speaks Greek many times when he knows not. If he have been but a by-stander at some desperate recovery, he is slandered with it, though he be guiltless; and this breeds his reputation, and that his practice, for his skill is merely opinion. Of all odours he likes best the smell of urine, and holds Vespasian's

pafian's rule, that no gain is unfavory. If you
 fend this once to him, you must resolve to be
 fick howsoever, for he will never leave examin-
 ing your water, 'till he has shaked it into a dis-
 ease: Then follows a writ to his druggier in a
 strange tongue, which he understands though
 he cannot construe. If he see you himself, his
 presence is the worst visitation: for if he cannot
 heal your sickness, he will be sure to help it.
 He translates his Apothecary's shop into your
 chamber, and the very windows and benches
 must take physic. He tells you your malady in
 Greek, though it be but a cold or head-ach;
 which by good endeavour and diligence he may
 bring to some moment indeed. His most un-
 faithful act is, that he leaves a man gasping,
 and his pretence is, death and he have a quar-
 rel and must not meet; but his fear is, lest the
 carcase should bleed. Anatomies and other
 spectacles of mortality have hardened him, and
 he is no more struck with a funeral than a grave-
 maker. Noblemen use him for a director of
 their stomach, and ladies for wantonness, espe-
 cially if he be a proper man. If he be single,
 he is in league with his the-apothecary; and
 because it is the Physician, the husband is pa-
 tient. If he have leisure to be idle (that is to
 study) he has a snatch at Alchemy, and is sick
 of the philosopher's stone; a disease uncurable,
 but by an abundant phlebotomy of the purse.
 His two main opposites are a mountebank and
 a good woman, and he never shews his learn-
 ing so much as in an invective against them and
 their boxes. In conclusion, he is a sucking
 consumption himself, and a very brother to the
 worms, for they are both ingendered out of
 man's corruption.

A mere empty WIT

IS like one that spends on the stock without any revenues coming in, and will shortly be no wit at all; for learning is the fuel to the fire of wit, which if it wants this feeding, eats out itself. A good conceit or two bates of such a man, and makes a sensible weakening in him; and his brain recovers it not a year after. The rest of him are bubbles and flashes, darted out on a sudden, which if you take them while they are warm, may be laughed at; if they are cool, are nothing. He speaks best on the present apprehension, for meditation stupifies him, and the more he is in travel, the less he brings forth. His things come off then, as in a nauseating stomach, where there is nothing to cast up, strains and convulsions, and some astonishing bombast, which men only 'till they understand are scared with. A verse or some such work he may sometimes get up to, but seldom above the stature of an Epigram, and that with some relief out of Martial, which is the ordinary companion of his pocket, and he reads him as he were inspired. Such men are commonly the trifling things of the world, good to make merry the company, and whom only men have to do withal when they have nothing to do, and none are less their friends than who are most their company. Here they vent themselves over a cup somewhat more lastingly; all their words go for jests, and all their jests for nothing. They are nimble in the fancy of some ridiculous thing, and reasonable good in the expression. Nothing stops a jest when it's coming.

coming, neither friends, nor danger, but it must out howsoever, though their blood come out after, and then they emphatically rail, and are emphatically beaten, and commonly are men reasonable familiar to this. Briefly they are such whose life is but to laugh and be laughed at; and only wits in jest, and fools in earnest.

A mere ALDERMAN.

HE is venerable in his gown, more in his beard, wherewith he sets not forth so much his own, as the face of a City. You must look on him as one of the Town Gates, and consider him not as a Body, but a Corporation. His eminency above others hath made him a man of worship, for he had never been preferred, but that he was worth thousands. He oversees the Commonwealth, as his shop, and it is an argument of his policy, that he has thriven by his craft. He is a rigorous magistrate in his ward; yet his scale of justice is suspected, lest it be like the ballances in his warehouse. A ponderous man he is and substantial, for his weight is commonly extraordinary, and in his preferment nothing rises so much as his belly. His head is of no great depth, yet well furnished; and when it is in conjunction with his brethren, may bring forth a City Apophthegm, or some such sage matter. He is one that will not hastily run into error, for he treads with great deliberation, and his judgment consists much in his pace. His discourse is commonly the annals of his mayoralty, and what good government there was in the
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the days of his gold chain; tho' the door posts were the only things that suffered reformation. He seems most sincerely religious, especially on solemn days; for he comes often to Church to make a shew, and is a part of the choir hangings. He is the highest stair of his profession, and an example to his trade, what in time they may come to. He makes very much of his authority, but more of his fatten doublet, which though of good years, bears its age very well, and looks fresh every Sunday: But his scarlet gown is a monument, and lasts from generation to generation.

A discontented MAN

IS one that is fallen out with the world, and will be revenged on himself. Fortune has denied him in something, and he now takes pet, and will be miserable in spite. The root of his disease is a self-humouring pride, and an accustomed tenderness not to be crossed in his fancy; and the occasion commonly of one of these three, a hard father, a peevish wench, or his ambition thwarted. He considered not the nature of the world 'till he felt it, and all blows fall on him heavier, because they light not first on his expectation. He has now foregone all but his pride, and is yet vain-glorious in the ostentation of his melancholy. His composure of himself is a studied carelessness, with his arms across, and a neglected hanging of his head and cloak; and he is as great an enemy to an harband, as fortune. He quarrels at the time and upstarts, and sighs at the neglect of men

men of parts, that is, such as himself. His life is a perpetual satyr, and he is still girding the age's vanity, when this very anger shews he too much esteems it. He is much displeased to see men merry, and wonders what they can find to laugh at. He never draws his own lips higher than a smile, and frowns wrinkle him before forty. He at last falls into that deadly melancholy to be a bitter hater of men, and is the most apt companion for any mischief. He is the spark that kindles the commonwealth, and the bellows himself to blow it: and if he turn any thing, it is commonly one of these, either Frier, Traytor, or Mad-man.

An ANTIQUARY.

HE is a man strangely thrifty of time past, and an enemy indeed to his maw, whence he fetches out many things when they are now all rotten and stinking. He is one that hath that unnatural disease to be enamoured of old age and wrinkles, and loves all things (as Dutchmen do cheese) the better for being mouldy and worm-eaten. He is of our Religion, because we say it is most antient; and yet a broken statue would almost make him an idolater. A great admirer he is of the rust of old monuments, and reads only those characters, where time hath eaten out the letters. He will go you forty miles to see a Saint's Well or a ruined Abbey; and if there be but a cross or stone foot-stool in the way, he'll be considering it so long, 'till he forget his journey. His estate consists much in shekels, and

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Roman coins; and he hath more pictures of
Cæsar than James or Elizabeth. Beggars cozen
him with musty things which they have raked
from dunghills, and he preserves their rags for
precious relicks. He loves no library, but
where there are more spiders volumes than au-
thors, and looks with great admiration on the
antique work of cobwebs. Printed books he
contemns, as a novelty of this latter age, but
a manuscript he pores on everlastingly, espe-
cially if the cover be all moth-eaten, and the
dust make a Parenthesis between every syllable.
He would give all the books in his study
(which are rarities all) for one of the old
Roman binding, or six lines of Tully in his
own hand. His chamber is hung commonly
with strange beasts skins, and is a kind of
charnel-house of bones extraordinary; and his
discourse upon them, if you will hear him,
shall last longer. His very attire is that which
is the eldest out of fashion, and you may pick
a criticism out of his breeches. He never looks
upon himself 'till he is grey-hair'd, and then
he is pleased with his own antiquity. His
grave does not fright him, for he has been
used to sepulchers, and he likes death the bet-
ter, because it gathers him to his fathers.

A DRUNKARD

IS one that will be a man to-morrow morning,
but is now what you will make him, for
he is in the power of the next man, and if a
friend the better. One that hath let go himself
from the hold and stay of reason, and lies open

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to the mercy of all temptations. No lust but finds him disarmed and fenceless, and with the least assault enters. If any mischief escape him, it was not his fault, for he was laid as fair for it as he could. Every man sees him, as Cham saw his father the first of this sin, an uncover'd man, and tho' his garment be on, uncovered, the secretest parts of his soul lying in the naked'st manner visible: all his passions come out now, all his vanities, and those shamefuller humours which discretion clothes. His body becomes at last like a miry way, where the spirits are beclog'd and cannot pass: all his members are out of office, and his heels do but trip up one another. He is a blind-man with eyes, and a cripple with legs on. All the use he has of this vessel himself, is to hold thus much; for his drinking is but a scooping in of so many quarts, which are filled out into his body, and that filled out again into the room, which is commonly as drunk as he. Tobacco serves to air him after a washing, and is his only breath, and breathing while. He is the greatest enemy to himself, and the next to his friend, and then most in the act of his kindness, for his kindness is but trying a mastery, who shall sink down first: and men come from him as a battle, wounded and bound up. Nothing takes a man off more from his credit, and business, and makes him more retchlessly careless what becomes of all. Indeed, he dares not enter on a serious thought, or if he do, it is such melancholy, that it sends him to be drunk again.

A younger BROTHER.

HIS elder Brother was the Esau, that came out first and left him like Jacob at his heels. His father has done with him, as Pharaoh to the children of Israel, that would have them make brick and give them no straw ; so he tasks him to be a Gentleman, and leaves him nothing to maintain it. The pride of his house has undone him, which the elder's Knighthood must sustain, and his beggary that Knighthood. His birth and bringing up will not suffer him to descend to the means to get wealth ; but he stands at the mercy of the world, and which is worse, of his brother. He is something better than the serving-men ; yet they more saucy with him than he bold with the master, who beholds him with a countenance of stern awe, and checks him oftener than his liveries. His brother's old suits and he are much alike in request, and cast off now and then one to the other. Nature hath furnished him with a little more wit upon compassion, for it is like to be his best revenue. If his annuity stretch so far, he is sent to the University, and with great heart-burning takes upon him the Ministry, as a profession he is condemned to by his ill fortune. Others take a more crooked path yet, the King's high-way ; where at length their vizard is plucked off, and they strike fair for Tyburn : but their brother's pride, not love, gets them a pardon. His last refuge is the Low-Countries, where rags and lice are no scandal, where he lives a poor Gentleman of a company, and dies without a shirt. The only thing that

may better his fortunes is an art he has to make a Gentlewoman, wherewith he baits now and then some rich widow that is hungry after his blood. He is commonly discontented and desperate, and the form of his exclamation is, 'That Churl my Brother.' He loves not his Country for this unnatural custom, and would have long since revolted to the Spaniard, but for Kent only, which he holds in admiration.

A mere formal M A N

IS somewhat more than the shape of a man ; for he has his length, breadth, and colour. When you have seen his outside, you have look'd through him, and need employ your discovery no farther. His reason is merely example, and his action is not guided by his understanding, but he sees other men do thus, and he follows them. He is a Negative, for we cannot call him a wise man, but not a fool ; nor an honest man, but not a knave ; nor a Protestant, but not a Papist. The chief burden of his brain is the carriage of his body and the setting of his face in a good frame ; which he performs the better, because he is not disjointed with other meditations. His religion is a good quiet subject, and he prays as he swears, in the phrase of the land. He is a fair guest, and a fair inviter, and can excuse his good cheer in the accustomed Apology. He has some faculty in mangling of a rabbit, and the distribution of his morsel to a neighbour's trencher. He apprehends a jest by seeing men smile, and laughs orderly himself, when it comes to his turn.

turn. His businesſes with his friends are to viſit them, and whilſt the buſineſs is no more, he can perform this well enough. His diſcourſe is the news that he hath gathered in his walk, and for other matters his diſcretion is, that he will only ſay what he can, that is, ſay nothing. His life is like one that runs to the Church-walk, to take a turn or two, and ſo paſſes. He hath ſtaid in the world to fill a number; and when he is gone, there wants one, and there's an end.

A CHURCH-PAPIST

IS one that parts his Religion betwixt his conſcience and his purſe, and comes to Church not to ſerve God but the King. The face of the law makes him wear the mask of the Goſpel, which he uſes not as a means to ſave his ſoul, but charges. He loves Popery well, but is loth to loſe by it; and though he be ſomething ſcared with the Bulls of Rome, yet they are far off, and he is ſtruck with more terror at the Apparitor. Once a month he preſents himſelf at the Church, to keep off the Churchwarden, and brings in his body to ſave his bail. He kneels with the congregation, but prays by himſelf, and asks God forgivenes for coming thither. If he be forced to ſtay out a Sermon, he pulls his hat over his eyes, and frowns out the hour; and when he comes home, thinks to make amends for this fault by abuſing the Preacher. His main policy is to ſhift off the Communion, for which he is never unfur- niſhed of a quarrel, and will be ſure to be out
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of Charity at Easter; and indeed he lies not, for he has a quarrel to the Sacrament. He would make a bad martyr and good traveller, for his Conscience is so large he could never wander out of it; and in Constantinople would be circumcised with a reservation. His wife is more zealous and therefore more costly, and he bates her in tires what she stands him in religion. But we leave him hatching plots against the state, and expecting Spinola.

A P R I S O N

IS the grave of the living, where they are shut up from the world and their friends; and the worms that gnaw upon them their own thoughts and the jailor. A house of meagre looks and ill smells, for lice, drink, and tobacco, are the compound: Pluto's court was expressed from this fancy; and the persons are much about the same parity that is there. You may ask, as Menippus in Lucian, which is Nireus, which Therfites, which the Beggar, which the Knight; for they are all suited in the same form of a kind of nasty poverty. Only to be out at elbows is in fashion here, and a great indecorum not to be thread-bare. Every man shews here like so many wrecks upon the sea, here the ribs of a thousand pound, here the relicks of so many manners, a doublet without buttons: and 'tis a spectacle of more pity than executions are. The company one with the other is but a vieing of complaints, and the causes they have to rail on fortune and fool themselves, and there is a great deal of good fellowship

ship

ship in this. They are commonly, next their Creditors, most bitter against the Lawyers, as men that have had a great stroke in assisting them hither. Mirth here is stupidity or hard-heartedness, yet they feign it sometimes to slip melancholy, and keep off themselves from themselves, and the torment of thinking what they have been. Men huddle up their life here as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old suit, the faster the better; and he that deceives the time best, best spends it. It is the place where new comers are most welcomed, and next them ill news, as that which extends their fellowship in misery, and leaves few to insult: And they breath their discontents more securely here, and have their tongues at more liberty than abroad. Men see here much sin and much calamity; and where the last does not mortify, the other hardens; and those that are worse here, are desperately worse, as those from whom the horror of sin is taken off, and the punishment familiar, and commonly a hard thought passes on all that come from this school; which though it teach much wisdom, it is too late, and with danger: and it is better to be a fool, than come here to learn it.

A self-conceited MAN

IS one that knows himself so well, that he does not know himself. Two excellent well-dones have undone him, and he is guilty of it that first commended him to madness. He is now become his own book, which he pores on continually, yet like a truant reader skips over the harsh places, and surveys only that
which

which is pleasant. In the speculation of his own good parts, his eyes, like a drunkard's, see all double, and his fancy like an old man's spectacles, make a great letter in a small print. He imagines every place where he comes his theatre, and not a look stirring but his spectator; and conceives mens thoughts to be very idle, that is, only busy about him. His walk is still in the fashion of a march, and like his opinion unaccompanied, with his eyes most fixed upon his own person, or on others with reflection to himself. If he have done any thing that has past with applause, he is always re-acting it alone, and conceits the extasy his hearers were in at every period. His discourse is all positions and definitive decrees, with, Thus it must be, and thus it is; and he will not humble his authority to prove it. His tenet is always singular and aloof from the vulgar as he can, from which you must not hope to wrest him. He has an excellent humour for an Heretick, and in these days made the first Arminian. He prefers Ramus before Aristotle, and Paracelsus before Galen, and whosoever with most paradox is commended. He much pities the world that has no more insight in his parts, when he is too well discovered even to this very thought. A flatterer is a dunce to him, for he can tell him nothing but what he knows before: and yet he loves him too, because he is like himself. Men are merciful to him, and let him alone, for if he be once driven from his humour, he is like two inward friends fallen out: his own bitter enemy and discontent presently makes a murder. In sum, he is a bladder blown up with wind, which the least flaw crushes to nothing.

A SERVING-MAN

IS one of the makings up of a Gentleman as well as his clothes, and somewhat in the same nature, for he is cast behind his master as fashionably as his sword and cloak are, and he is but *in querto* without him. His properness qualifies him, and of that a good leg; for his head he has little use but to keep it bare. A good dull wit best suits with him to comprehend common sense and a trencher; for any greater store of brain it makes him but tumultuous, and seldom thrives with him. He follows his master's steps, as well in conditions as the street: if he wench or drink, he comes him in an under kind, and thinks it a part of his duty to be like him. He is indeed wholly his master's, of his faction, of his cut, of his pleasures: He is handsome for his credit, and drunk for his credit, and if he have power in the cellar, commands the parish. He is one that keeps the best company, and is none of it; for he knows all the Gentlemen his master knows, and picks from thence some hawking and horse-terms, which he swaggers with in the alehouse, where he is only called master. His mirth is bawdy jests with the wenches, and behind the door bawdy earnest. The best work he does is his marrying, for it makes an honest woman, and if he follows in it his master's direction, it is commonly the best service he does him.

A too idly reserved MAN

IS one that is a fool with discretion, or a strange piece of politician, that manages the state of himself. His actions are his privy-council, wherein no man must partake beside. He speaks under rule and prescription, and dare not shew his teeth without Machiavel. He converses with his neighbours as he would in Spain, and fears an inquisitive man as much as the Inquisition. He suspects all questions for examinations, and thinks you would pick something out of him, and avoids you. His breast is like a Gentlewoman's closet, which locks up every toy or trifle, or some bragging mountebank that makes every stinking thing a secret. He delivers you common matters with great conjuration of silence, and whispers you in the ear Acts of Parliament. You may as soon wrest a tooth from him as a paper, and whatsoever he reads is letters. He dares not talk of great men for fear of bad comments, and he knows not how his words may be misapplied. Ask his opinion, and he tells you his doubt; and he never hears any thing more astonishedly than that he knows before. His words are like the Cards at Primivist, where six is eighteen and seven one and twenty, for they never signify what they sound; but if he tell you he will do a thing, it is as much as if he swore he would not. He is one indeed that takes all men to be craftier than they are, and puts himself to a great deal of affliction to hinder their plots and designs, where they mean freely. He has been long a riddle himself, but at last finds Oedipuses; for his over-acted dissimulation

mulation discovers him, and men do with him as they would with Hebrew letters, spell him backwards, and read him.

A TAVERN

IS a degree, or (if you will) a pair of stairs above an Alehouse, where men are drunk with more credit and apology. If the Vintner's nose be at door, it is a sign sufficient, but the absence of this is supplied by the Ivy-bush: The rooms are ill breath'd like the drinkers that have been well over night, and are smelt too fasting next morning; not furnished with beds apt to be defiled, but more necessary implements, stools, table, and a chamber-pot. It is a broacher of more news than hogsheds, and more jests than news, which are sucked up here by some spungy brain, and from thence squeez'd into a Comedy. Men come here to make merrry, but indeed make a noise, and this musick above is answered with the clinking below. The drawers are the civilest people in it, men of good bringing up, and howsoever we esteem of them, none can boast more justly of their high calling. 'Tis the best theatre of natures, where they are truly acted, not play'd, and the business, as in the rest of the world, up and down, two it, from the bottom of the cellar to the great chamber. A melancholy man would find here matter to work upon, to see heads as brittle as glasses, and ofter broken; men come hither to quarrel, and come hither to be made friends: and if Plutarch will lend me his simile, it

is even Telephus's sword that makes wounds and cures them. It is the common consumption of the afternoon, and the murderer or maker-away of a rainy day. It is the Torrid Zone that scorches the face, and tobacco the gun-powder that blows it up. Much harm would be done, if the charitable vintner had not water ready for these flames. A house of sin you may call it, but not a house of darkness, for the candles are never out; and it is like those countries far in the North, where it is as clear at mid-night as at mid-day. After a long sitting, it becomes like a street in a dashing shower, where the spouts are flushing above, and the conduits running below, while the Jordans like rivers overflow their banks. To give you the total reckoning of it: It is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the Inns of Court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's courtesy. It is the study of sparkling wies, and a cup of * Sherry their book, where we leave them.

A SHARK

IS one whom all other means have failed, and he now lives of himself. He is some needy cashier'd fellow, whom the world hath off flung off, yet still clasps again, and is like one a drowning, fastens upon any thing that's next at hand. Amongst other of his shipwrecks he has happily lost shame, and this want supplies him.

* Canary, First Edition.

No

No man puts his brain to more use than he, for his life is a daily invention, and each meal a new stratagem. He has an excellent memory for his acquaintance, though there pass'd but, How do you betwixt them seven years ago, it shall suffice for an embrace, and that for money. He offers you a pottle of sack out of joy to see you, and in requital of his courtesy you can do no less than pay for it. He is fumbling with his purse-strings, as a school-boy with his points, when he is going to be whip'd, 'till the master weary with long stay forgives him. When the reckoning is paid, he says, It must not be so, yet is strait pacified, and cries, What remedy? His borrowings are like subsidies, each man a shilling or two, as he can well dispend; which they lend him, not with a hope to be repaid, but that he will come no more. He holds a strange tyranny over men, for he is their debtor, and they fear him as a creditor. He is proud of any employment, though it be but to carry commendations, which he will be sure to deliver at eleven of the clock. They in courtesy bid him stay, and he in manners cannot deny them. If he find but a good look to assure his welcome, he becomes their half-boarder, and haunts the threshold so long 'till he forces good nature to the necessity of a quarrel. Publick invitations he will not wrong with his absence, and is the best witness of the Sheriff's hospitality. Men shun him at length as they would an infection, and he is never cross'd in his way if there be but a lane to escape him. He has done with the age as his clothes to him, hung on as long as he could, and at last drops off.

An insolent M A N

IS a fellow newly great and newly proud, one that hath put himself into another face upon his preferment, for his own was not bred to it. One whom fortune hath shot up to some office or authority; and he shoots up his neck to his fortune, and will not bait you an inch of either. His very countenance and gesture bespeak how much he is, and if you understand him not, he tells you, and concludes every period with his place, which you must and shall know. He is one that looks on all men as if he were angry, but especially on those of his acquaintance, whom he beats off with a further distance, as men apt to mistake him, because they have known him: And for this cause he knows not you 'till you have told him your name, which he thinks he has heard, but forgot, and with much ado seems to recover. If you have anything to use him in, you are his vassal for that time, and must give him the patience of any injury, which he does only to shew what he may do. He snaps you up bitterly, because he will be offended, and tells you, you are sawcy and troublesome, and sometimes takes your money in this language. His very courtesies are intolerable, they are done with such an arrogance and imputation; and he is the only man you may hate after a good turn, and not be ungrateful; and men reckon it among their calamities to be beholden unto him. No vice draws with it a more general hostility, and makes men readier to search into his faults, and of them his beginning; and no tale so unlikely but is willingly heard of him and believed:
And

And commonly such men are of no merit at all, but make out in pride what they want in worth, and fence themselves with a stately kind of behaviour from that contempt would pursue them. They are men whose preferment does us a great deal of wrong, and when they are down, we may laugh at them without breach of good nature.

ACQUAINTANCE

IS the first draught of a friend, whom we must lay down oft thus, as the foul copy, before we can write him perfect and true; for from hence, as from a probation, men take a degree in our respect, 'till at last they wholly possess us: For acquaintance is the hoard, and friendship the pair chosen out of it; by which at last we begin to impropriate and inclose to ourselves what before lay in common with others. And commonly where it grows not up to this, it falls as low as may be; and no poorer relation than old acquaintance, of whom we only ask how they do for fashion's sake, and care not. The ordinary use of acquaintance is but somewhat of more boldness of society, a sharing of talk, news, drink, mirth together; but sorrow is the right of a friend, as a thing nearer our heart, and to be delivered with it. Nothing easier than to create Acquaintance, the mere being in company once does it; whereas friendship like children is ingender'd by a more inward mixture, and coupling together; when we are acquainted not with their virtues only, but their faults, to their passions, their fears, their

their shame, and are bold on both sides to make their discovery. And as it is in the love of the body, which is then at the height and full when it has power and admittance into the hidden and worst parts of it; so it is in friendship with the mind, when those VERENDA of the soul, and those things which we dare not shew the world, are bare and detected one to another. Some men are familiar with all, and ~~those commonly friends to none~~; for friendship is a fullener thing, as a contracter and taker up of our affections, to some few, and suffers them not loosely to be scattered on all men. The poorest tye of acquaintance is that of place and country, which are shifted as the place, and miss'd but while the fancy of that continues. These are only then gladdest of other, when they meet in some foreign region, where the encompassing of strangers unites them closer, 'till at last they get new, and throw off one another. Men of parts and eminency, as their acquaintance is more sought for, so they are generally more staunch of it, not out of pride only, but fear to let too many in too near them: For it is with men as with pictures, the best show better afar off and at distance, and the closer you come to them the coarser they are. The best judgment of a man is taken from his acquaintance, for friends and enemies are both partial; whereas these see him truest because calmest, and are no way so engaged to lie for him. And men that grow strange after acquaintance, seldom piece together again, as those that have tasted meat and dislike it, out of a mutual experience disrelishing one another.

A CARRIER

IS his own Hackney-man; for he lets himself out to travel as well as his horses. He is the ordinary Embassador between friend and friend, the father and the son, and brings rich presents to the one, but never returns any back again. He is no unletter'd man, tho' in shew simple; for questionless, he has much in his budget, which he can utter too in fit time and place. He is like the vault in Gloucester church, that conveys whispers at a distance, for he takes the sound out of your mouth at York, and makes it be heard as far as London. He is the young student's joy and expectation, and the most accepted guest, to whom they lend a willing hand to discharge him of his burden. His first greeting is commonly, Your friends are well; and to prove it, in a piece of Gold delivers their blessing. You would think him a churlish blunt fellow, but they find in him many tokens of humanity. He is a great afflicter of the highways, and beats them out of measure; which injury is sometimes revenged by the purse-taker, and then the voyage miscarries. No man domineers more in his inn, nor calls his host unreverently with more presumption, and his arrogance proceeds out of the strength of his horses. He forgets not his load where he takes his ease, for he is drunk commonly before he goes to bed. He is like the prodigal child, still packing away and still returning again. But let him pass.

A mere complementary MAN

IS one to be held off still at the same distance you are now ; for you shall have him but thus, and if you enter on him farther you lose him. Methinks Virgil well expresses him in those well-behaved ghosts that Æneas met with, that were friends to talk with, and men to look on, but if he grasped them, but air. He is one that lies kindly to you, and for good fashion's sake, and 'tis discourtesy in you to believe him. His words are so many fine phrases set together, which serve equally for all men, and are equally to no purpose. Each fresh encounter with a man puts him to the same part again, and he goes over to you what he said to him was last with him : He kisses your hands as he kiss'd his before, and is your servant to be commanded, but you shall intreat of him nothing. His proffers are universal and general, with exceptions against all particulars. He will do any thing for you, but if you urge him to this, he cannot, or to that he is engaged ; but he will do any thing. Promises he accounts but a kind of mannerly words, and in the expectation of your manners not to exact them : if you do, he wonders at your ill-breeding, that cannot distinguish between what is spoken and what is meant. No man gives better satisfaction at the first, and comes off more with the eulogy of a kind Gentleman, 'till you know him better, and then you know him for nothing. And commonly those most rail at him, that have before most commended him. The best is, he cozens you in a fair manner, and abuses you with great respect.

A

A poor FIDLER

IS a Man and a Fiddle out of case, and he in worse case than his Fiddle. One that rubs two sticks together (as the Indians strike fire) and rubs a poor living out of it; partly from this, and partly from your charity, which is more in the hearing than giving him, for he sells nothing dearer to be gone. He is just so many strings above a beggar, though he have but two; and yet he begs too, only not in the downright, For God's sake, but with a shrugging, God bless you, and his face is more pin'd than the blind man's. Hunger is the greatest pain he takes, except a broken head sometimes, and the labouring John Dory. Otherwise his life is so many fits of mirth, and 'tis some mirth to see him. A good feast shall draw him five miles by the nose, and you shall track him again by the scent. His other pilgrimages are fairs and good houses, where his devotion is great to the Christmas; and no man loves good times better. He is in league with the tapsters for the worshipful of the inn, whom he torments next morning with his art, and has their names more perfect than their men. A new song is better to him than a new jacket, especially if bawdy, which he calls merry, and hates naturally the Puritan, as an enemy to this mirth. A country wedding and Whitson-ale are the two main places he domineers in, where he goes for a musician, and overlooks the bag-pipe, The rest of him is drunk, and in the stocks.

A young M A N :

HE is now out of nature's protection, tho' not yet able to guide himself ; but left loose to the world and fortune, from which the weakness of his childhood preserved him ; and now his strength exposes him. He is indeed just of age to be miserable, yet in his own conceit first begins to be happy ; and he is happier in this imagination, and his misery not felt is less. He sees yet but the outside of the world and men, and conceives them according to their appearing glister, and out of this ignorance believes them. He pursues all vanities for happiness, and enjoys them best in this fancy. His reason serves, not to curb but understand his appetite, and prosecute the motions thereof with a more eager earnestness. Himself is his own temptation, and needs not Satan, and the world will come hereafter. He leaves repentance for grey hairs, and performs it in being covetous. He is mingled with the vices of the age as the fashion and custom, with which he longs to be acquainted, and sins to better his understanding. He conceives his youth as the season of his lust, and the hour wherein he ought to be bad ; and because he would not lose his time, spends it. He distastes religion as a sad thing, and is six years elder for a thought of heaven. He scorns and fears, and yet hopes for old age, but dare not imagine it with wrinkles. He loves and hates with the same inflammation, and when the heat is over is cool alike to friends and enemies. His friendship is seldom so stedfast, but that lust, drink or anger may overturn it. He offers you his blood to day in kindness, and is ready to take yours to-morrow. He does seldom

dom any thing which he wishes not to do again, and is only wise after a misfortune. He suffers much for his knowledge, and a great deal of folly it makes him a wise man. He is free from many vices, by being not grown to the performance, and is only more vertuous out of weakness. Every action is his danger, and every man his ambush. He is a ship without pilot or tackling, and only good fortune may steer him. If he scape this age, he has scap'd a tempest, and may live to be a man.

An old College BUTLER

IS none of the worst Students in the house, for he keeps the set hours at his book more duly than any. His authority is great over mens good Names, which he charges many times with shrewd aspersions, which they hardly wipe off without payment. His box and counters prove him to be a man of reckoning, yet he is stricter in his accounts than a usurer, and delivers not a farthing without writing. He doubles the pains of Gallobelgicus, for his books go out once a quarter, and they are much in the same nature, brief notes and sums of affairs, and are out of request as soon. His comings in are like a Taylor's, from the shreds of bread, the chippings and remnants of the broken crust; excepting his vails from the barrel, which poor folks buy for their hogs but drink themselves. He divides an halspenny loaf with more subtlety than Keckerman, and sub-divides the *a primo ortum* so nicely, that a stomach of great capacity can hardly apprehend it. He is a very
sober

sober man, considering his manifold temptations of drink and strangers; and if he be overseen, 'tis within his own liberties, and no man ought to take exception. He is never so well pleased with his place as when a Gentleman is beholden to him for shewing him the buttery, whom he greets with a cup of single beer and sliced manchet, and tells him 'tis the fashion of the College. He domineers over freshmen when they first come to the hatch, and puzzles them with strange language of Cues and Cees, and some broken Latin which he has learnt at his Bin. His faculties extraordinary is the warming of a pair of Cards, and telling out a dozen of counters for post and pair, and no man is more methodical in these businesses. Thus he spends his age 'till the tap of it is run out, and then a fresh one is set abroad.

A meddling M A N

IS one that has nothing to do with his business, and yet no man busier than he, and his business is most in his face. He is one thrusts himself violently into all employments, unsent for, unfeed, and many times unthank'd; and his part in it is only an eager bustling, that rather keeps ado than does any thing. He will take you aside, and question you of your affair, and listen with both ears, and look earnestly, and then it is nothing so much yours as his. He snatches what you are doing out of your hands, and cries, Give it me, and does it worse, and lays an engagement upon you too, and you must thank him for this pains. He lays you
down

down an hundred wild plots, all impossible things, which you must be ruled by perforce, and he delivers them with a serious and counselling forehead ; and there is a great deal more wisdom in this forehead than his head. He will woo for you, sollicit for you, and woo you to suffer him ; and scarce any thing done, wherein his letter, or his journey, or at least himself is not seen : if he have no task in it else, he will rail yet on some side, and is often beaten when he need not. Such men never thoroughly weigh any business, but are forward only to shew their zeal, when many times this forwardness spoils it, and then they cry they have done what they can, that is as much hurt. Wise men still deprecate these mens kindnesses, and are beholden to them rather to let them alone ; as being one trouble more in all business, and which a man shall be hardest rid of.

An upstart KNIGHT

IS a Holiday Clown, and differs only in the stuff of his clothes, not the stuff of himself, for he bare the King's sword before he had arms to weild it ; yet being once laid o'er the shoulder with a Knighthood, he finds the Herald his friend. His father was a man of good stock, though but a tanner or usurer ; he purchased the land and his son the title. He has doff'd off the name of a Country Fellow, but the look not so easy, and his face still bears a relish of churn-milk. He is garded with more gold lace than all the gentlemen of the country, yet his body makes his clothes still out of fashion. His
house-

house-keeping is seen much in the distinct families of dogs, and serving-men attendant on their kennels, and the deepness of their throats is the depth of their discourse. A hawk he esteems the true burden of Nobility, and is exceeding ambitious to seem delighted in the sport, and have his fist glov'd with his Jesses. A justice of peace he is to domineer in his parish, and do his neighbour wrong with more right. He will be drunk with his hunters for company, and stain his gentility with droppings of ale. He is fearful of being Sheriff of the Shire by instinct, and dreads the Assize-week as much as the prisoner. In sum, he's but a clod of his own earth, or his land is the dunghill, and he the cock that crows over it: And commonly his race is quickly run, and his children's children, though they scape hanging, return to the place from whence they came.

A good old M A N

IS the best antiquity, and which we may with least vanity admire. One whom time hath been thus long a working, and like winter fruit ripen'd when others are shaken down. He hath taken out as many lessons of the world as days, and learnt the best thing in it the vanity of it. He looks over his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. His lust was long broken before his body, yet he is glad this temptation is broke too, and that he is fortified from it by this weakness. The next door of death fads him not, but he expects it calmly as his turn in nature;

ture ; and fears more his recoiling back to childishness than dust. All men look on him as a common father, and on old-age for his sake as a reverent thing. His very presence and face puts vice out of countenance, and makes it an indecorum in a vicious man. He practises his experience on youth without the harshness of reproof, and in his counsel his good company. He has some old stories still of his own seeing to confirm what he says, and makes them better in the telling ; yet is not troublesome neither with the same tale again, but remembers with them how oft he has told them. His good old sayings and morals seem proper to his beard ; and the poetry of Cato does well out of his mouth, and he speaks it as if he were the author. He is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a boy, but can distinguish gravity from a sower look ; and the less testy he is, the more regarded. You must pardon him if he like his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now that were wisdom then ; yet he makes us of that opinion too when we see him, and conjecture those times by so good a relick. He is a man capable of a dearness with the youngest men, yet he not youthfuller to them, but they older for him ; and no man credits more his acquaintance. He goes away at last too soon whensoever, with all mens sorrow but his own ; and his memory is fresh when it is twice as old.

A GALLANT

IS one that was born and shap'd for his
 cloaths: and if Adam had not fallen, had
 liv'd to no purpose. He gratulates therefore
 the first sin, and fig leaves that were an occa-
 sion of his bravery. His first care is his dresse,
 the next his body, and in the uniting of these
 two lies his soul and its faculties. He observes
 London trulier then the Terms, and his busi-
 ness is the Street, the Stage, the Court, and
 those places where a very proper man is best
 shown. If he be qualified in gaming extra-
 ordinary, he is so much the more genteel
 and compleat, and he learns the best oaths for
 the purpose. These are a great part of his dis-
 course, and he is as curious in their newness as
 the fashion. His other talk is Ladies and such
 pretty things, or some jest at a Play. His
 Pick-tooth bears a great part in his discourse,
 so does his body, the upper parts whereof are
 as starch'd as his linnen, and perchance use the
 same Laundress. He has learn'd to ruffle his
 face from his boot, and takes great delight in
 his walk to hear his spurs jingle. Though his
 life pass somewhat slidingly, yet he seems
 very careful of the time, for he is still draw-
 ing his watch out of his pocket, and spends
 part of his hours in numbring them. He is
 one never serious but with his Taylor, when
 he is in conspiracy for the next device. He is
 furnish'd with his jests, as some wanderer with
 sermons, some three for all congregations, one
 especially against the scholar, a man to him
 much ridiculous, whom he knows by no other
 definition, but a silly fellow in black. He is a
 kind

kind of walking Mercers Shop, and shews you one stuff to-day, and another to-morrow ; an ornament to the room he comes in, as the fair bed and hangings be ; and is merely ratable accordingly, fifty or an hundred Pounds as his suit is. His main ambition is to get a Knighthood, and then an old Lady, which if he be happy in, he fills the stage and a coach so much longer : Otherwise, himself and his cloaths grow stale together, and he is buried commonly e're he dies in the Gaol, or the Country.

A CONSTABLE

IS a Viceroy in the Street, and no man stands more upon't that he is the King's Officer. His jurisdiction extends to the next Stocks, where he has commission for the heels only, and sets the body at liberty. He is a scare-crow to that Alehouse, where he drinks not his morning's draught, and apprehends a drunkard for not standing in the King's name. Beggars fear him more than the Justice, and as much as the Whip-stock, whom he delivers over to his subordinate Magistrates, the Bridewell-man, and the Beadle. He is a great stickler in the tumults of double Juggs, and ventures his head by his place, which is broke many times to keep whole the peace. He is never so much in his majesty as in his Night-watch, where he sits in his chair of state, a shop-stall, and environ'd with a guard of halberts, examines all passengers. He is a very careful man in his Office, but if he stay up after midnight, you shall take him napping.

A FLATTERER

IS the Picture of a Friend, and as Pictures flatter many times, so he oft shews fairer than the true substance: His look, conversation, company, and all the outwardness of friendship more pleasing by odds, for a true friend dare take the liberty to be sometimes offensive, whereas he is a great deal more cowardly, and will not let the least hold go, for fear of losing you. Your mere froward look affrights him, and makes him doubt his casheering. And this is one sure mark of him, that he is never first angry, but ready, tho' upon his own wrong to make satisfaction. Therefore he is never yoked with a poor man, or any that stands on the lower ground, but whose fortunes may tempt his pains to deceive him. Him he learns first, and learns well, and grows perfecter in his humours than himself, and by this door enters upon his soul, of which he is able at last to take the very print and mark, and fashion his own by it, like a false key to open all your secrets. All his affections jump even with yours; he is before-hand with your thoughts, and able to suggest them unto you. He will commend to you first what he knows you like, and has always some absurd Story or other of your enemy, and then wonders how your two opinions should jump in that man. He will ask your counsel sometimes as a man of deep judgment, and has a secret of purpose to disclose to you, and whatsoever you say is persuaded. He listens to your words with great attention, and sometimes will object that you may confuse him, and

and then protests he never heard so much before. A piece of wit bursts him with an overflowing laughter, and he remembers it for you to all companies, and laughs again in the telling. He is one never chides you but for your virtues, as, 'You are too good, too honest, too religious;' when his chiding may seem but the earnestest commendation, and yet would fain chide you out of them too; for your vice is the thing he has use of, and wherein you may best use him, and he is never more active than in the worst diligences. Thus at last he possesses you from yourself, and then expects but his hire to betray you: And it is a happiness not to discover him; for as long as you are happy, you shall not.

A downright SCHOLAR

IS one that has much learning in the ore, unwrought and untry'd, which time and experience fashions and refines. He is good metal in the inside, tho' rough and unscour'd without, and therefore hated of the courtier, that is quite contrary. The time has got a vein of making him ridiculous, and men laugh at him by tradition, and no unlucky absurdity, but is put upon his profession, and done like a Scholar. But his fault is only this, that his mind is somewhat too much taken up with his mind, and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage besides. He has not put on the quaint garb of the age, which is now a man's Imprimis and all the Items. He has not humbled his meditations to the industry of complement, nor afflicted

fisted his brain in an elaborate leg. His body is not set upon nice pins, to be turning and flexible for every motion, but his scrape is homely and his nod worse. He cannot kiss his hand and cry, Madam, nor talk idle enough to bear her company. His smacking of a gentlewoman is somewhat too savory, and he mistakes her nose for her lips. A very woodcock would puzzle him in carving, and he wants the logick of a capon. He has not the glib faculty of sliding over a tale, but his words come squeamishly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before the jest. He names this word College too often, and his discourse beats too much on the University. The perplexity of mannerliness will not let him feed, and he is sharp set at an argument when he should cut his meat. He is discarded for a gamester at all games but one and thirty, and at tables he reaches not beyond doublets. His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a fiddle, but his fist clench'd with the habit of disputing. He ascends a horse somewhat sinisterly, though not on the left-side, and they both go jogging in grief together. He is exceedingly censur'd by the Inns-o'-Court men, for that heinous vice being out of fashion. He cannot speak to a dog in his own dialect, and understands Greek better than the language of a Falconer. He has been used to a dark room, and dark cloaths, and his eyes dazzle at a fatten suit. The hermitage of his study, has made him somewhat uncouth in the world, and men make him worse by staring on him. Thus is he silly and ridiculous, and it continues with him for some quarter of a year, out of the University. But practise him a little in men, and bruth him over with

with good company, and he shall out-ballance those glisterers, as far as a solid substance do's a feather, or gold gold-lace.

A high-spirited MAN

IS one that looks like a proud man, but is not: you may forgive him his looks for his worth sake, for they are only too proud to be base. One whom no rate can buy off from the least piece of his freedom, and make him digest an unworthy thought an hour. He cannot crouch to a great man to possess him, nor fall low to the earth to rebound never so high again. He stands taller on his own bottom, than others on the advantage ground of fortune, as having solidly that honour, of which title is but the pomp. He does homage to no man for his great stile's sake, but is strictly just in the exaction of respect again, and will not bate you a complement. He is more sensible of a neglect than an undoing, and scorns no man so much as his surly threatener. A man quickly fired, and quickly laid down with satisfaction, but remits any injury sooner than words. Only to himself he is irreconcilable, whom he never forgives a disgrace, but is still stabbing himself with the thought of it, and no disease that he dies of sooner. He is one had rather perish than be beholden for his life, and strives more to be quit with his friend than his enemy. Fortune may kill him but not deject him, nor make him fall into an humbler key than before, but he is now loftier than ever in his own defence; you shall hear him talk
still

still after thousands, and he becomes it better than those that have it. One that is above the world and its drudgery, and cannot pull down his thoughts to the pelting busineses of life. He would sooner accept the gallows than a mean trade, or any thing that might disparage the height of man in him, and yet thinks no death comparably base to hanging neither. One that will do nothing upon command, though he would do it otherwise; and if ever he do evil, it is when he is dared to it. He is one that if fortune equal his worth puts a lustre in all preferment; but if otherwise he be too much cross'd, turns desperately melancholy, and scorns mankind.

A plain Country FELLOW

IS one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untill'd. He reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his tallons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not fallows. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks Gee and Ree better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects, but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonish'd, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation.

His

His habitation is some poor thatch'd roof, distinguish'd from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoak; which the rain had long since wash'd through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his Grandfire's time, and is yet to make rathers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastner on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copy-hold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion: Yet if he give him leave, he is a good Christian to his power, that is, comes to church in his best cloaths, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain, and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bag-pipe as essential to it as evening-prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. His complement with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices, but pride and ill husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hobnail proverb to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where if his corn sell well he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. His feet never stink so unbecomingly as when he trots after a Lawyer in Westminster-hall, and even cleaves the ground with hard scaping in beseeching his

NUMB. III. G worship

worship to take his money. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grafs. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

A mere gull CITIZEN

IS one much about the same model and pitch of brain that the Clown is, only of somewhat a more polite and finical ignorance, and as fillily scorns him as he is fillily admired by him. The quality of the city hath afforded him some better dress of clothes and language, which he uses to the best advantage, and is so much the more ridiculous. His chief education is the visits of his shop, where if courtiers and fine ladies resort, he is infected with so much more eloquence; and if he catch one word extraordinary, wears it for ever. You shall hear him mince a complement sometimes that was never made for him; and no man pays dearer for good words, for he is oft paid with them. He is suited rather fine than in the fashion, and has still something to distinguish him from a gentleman, though his doublet cost more; especially on Sundays, bridegroom-like, where he carries the state of a very solemn man, and keeps his pew as his shop; and it is a great part of his devotion to feast the minister: But his chiefest guest is a customer, which is the greatest relation he acknowledges, especially if
you

you be an honest gentleman, that is trust him to cozen you enough. His friendships are a kind of gossiping friendships, and those commonly within the circle of his trade, wherein he is careful principally to avoid two things, that is poor men and suretiships. He is a man will spend his six-pence with a great deal of imputation, and no man makes more of a pint of wine than he. He is one bears a pretty kind of foolish love to scholars, and to Cambridge especially for Sturbridge Fair's sake; and of these all are truants to him that are not preachers, and of these the loudest the best; and he is much ravished with the noise of a rolling tongue. He loves to hear discourses out of his element, and the less he understands the better pleased, which he expresses in a smile and some fond protestation. One that does nothing without his chuck, that is his wife, with whom he is billing still in conspiracy, and the wantoner she is the more power she has over him, and she never stoops so low after him, but is the only woman goes better of a widow than a maid. In the education of his child no man fearfuller, and the danger he fears is a harsh schoolmaster, to whom he is alledging still the weakness of the boy, and pays a fine extraordinary for his mercy. The first whipping rides him to the University, and from thence rides him again for fear of starving, and the best he makes of him is some Gull in plush. He is one loves to hear the famous acts of citizens, whereof the gilding of the Cross he counts the glory of this age, and the four 'Prentices of London above all the nine Worthies. He intitles himself to all the merits of his company, whether schools, hospitals, or exhibitions, in which he

is joint benefactor, though four hundred years ago, and upbraids them far more than those that gave them: Yet with all this folly he has wit enough to get wealth, and in that a sufficient man than he that is wiser.

A lascivious MAN

IS the Servant he says of many Mistresses, but all are but his lust, to which only he is faithful and none besides, and spends his best blood and spirits in the service. His soul is the bawd to his body, and those that assist him in this nature the nearest to it. No man abuses more the name of love, or those whom he applies this name to; for his love is like his stomach to feed on what he loves, and the end of it to surfeit and loath, 'till a fresh appetite rekindle him; and it kindles on any sooner than who deserve best of him. There is a great deal of malignity in this vice, for it loves still to spoil the best things, and a virgin often rather than beauty, because the undoing here is greater, and consequently his glory. No man laughs more at his sin than he, or is so extremely tickled with the remembrance of it; and he is more violence to a modest ear than to her he deflowered. A bawdy jest enters deep into him, and whatsoever you speak he will draw to bawdry, and his wit is never so good as here. His unchastest part is his tongue, for that commits always what he must act seldomer, and that commits with all which he acts with few; for he is his own worst reporter, and men believe as bad of him, and yet do not believe him. Nothing harder to his persuasion than a chaste Man, no Eunuch,

Eunuch, and makes a scoffing miracle at it, if you tell him of a maid. And from this mistrust it is that such men fear marriage, or at least marry such as are of bodies to be trusted, to whom only they sell that lust which they buy of others, and make their wife a revenue to their mistress. They are men not easily reformed, because they are so little ill persuaded of their illness, and have such pleas from man and nature. Besides, it is a jeering and flouting vice and apt to put jests on the reprovor. The Pox only converts them, and that only when it kills them.

A P L A Y E R.

HE knows the right use of the world, wherein he comes to play a part and so away. His life is not idle, for it is all action, and no man need be more wary in his doings, for the eyes of all men are upon him. His profession has in it a kind of contradiction, for none is more dislik'd, and yet none more applauded; and he has this misfortune of some scholar, too much wit makes him a fool. He is like our painting gentlewomen, seldom in his own face, seldomer in his cloaths; and he pleases, the better he counterfeits, except only when he is disguis'd with straw for gold-lace. He does not only personate on the stage, but sometimes in the street, for he is mask'd still in the habit of a gentleman. His parts find him oaths and good words, which he keeps for his use and discourse, and makes shew with them of a fashionable companion. He is tragical on
the

the stage, but rampant in the tiring-house, and swears oaths there which he never con'd. The waiting-women spectators are over-ears in love with him, and ladies send for him to act in their chambers. Your Inns-of-court-men were undone but for him, he is their chief guest and employment, and the sole business that makes them afternoon's-men. The Poet only is his tyrant, and he is bound to make his friend's friend drunk at his charge. Shrove-tuesday he fears as much as the bawds, and Lent is more damage to him than the butcher. He was never so much discredited as in one act, and that was of Parliament, which gives hostlers privilege before him, for which he abhors it more than a corrupt Judge. But to give him his due, one well-furnish'd actor has enough in him for five common gentlemen, and if he have a good body for fix, and for resolution he shall challenge any Cato, for it has been his practise to die bravely.

A D E T R A C T O R

IS one of a more cunning and active envy, wherewith he gnaws not foolishly himself, but throws it abroad and would have it blister others. He is commonly some weak parted fellow, and worse minded, yet is strangely ambitious to match others, not by mounting their worth, but bringing them down with his tongue to his own poorness. He is indeed like the red dragon that pursued the woman, for when he cannot over-reach another, he opens his mouth and throws a flood after to drown him. You cannot

cannot anger him worse than to do well, and he hates you more bitterly for this, than if you had cheated him of his patrimony with your own discredit. He is always flighting the general opinion, and wondering why such and such men should be applauded. Commend a good divine, he cries postilling; a philologer, pedantry; a Poet, rhiming; a schoolman, dull wrangling; a sharp conceit, boyishness; an honest man plausibility. He comes to publick things not to learn, but to catch, and if there be but one solœcism, that's all he carries away. He looks on all things with a prepared fowerness, and is still furnished with a pish beforehand, or some musty proverb that disrelishes all things whatsoever. If fear of the company make him second a commendation, it is like a law-writ, always with a clause of exception, or to smoothe his way to some greater scandal. He will grant you something, and bate more; and this bating shall in conclusion take away all he granted. His speech concludes still with an, Oh but, and I could wish one thing amended; and this one thing shall be enough to deface all his former commendations. He will be very inward with a man to fish some bad out of him, and make his flanders hereafter more authentick, when it is said a friend reported it. He will inveigle you to naughtiness to get your good name into his clutches, and make you drunk to shew you reeling. He passes the more plausibly because all men have a smatch of his humour, and it is thought freeness which is malice. If he can say nothing of a man, he will seem to speak riddles, as if he could tell strange stories if he would; and when he has rack'd his invention to the utmost, he ends:

But

But I wish him well, and therefore must hold my peace. He is always listning and enquiring after men, and suffers not a cloak to pass by him unexamin'd. In brief, he is one that has lost all good himself, and is loth to find it in another.

A rash MAN

IS a Man too quick for himself; one whose actions put a leg still before his judgment, and out-run it. Every hot fancy or passion is the signal that sets him forward, and his reason comes still in the rear. One that has brain enough, but not patience enough to digest a business, and stay the leisure of a second thought. All deliberation is to him a kind of sloth and freezing of action, and it shall burn him rather than take cold. He is always resolved at first thinking, and the ground he goes upon is, Hap what may. Thus he enters not, but throws himself violently upon all things, and for the most part is as violently upon all off again; and as an obstinate 'I will,' was the preface to his undertaking, so his conclusion is commonly, 'I would I had not;' for such men seldom do any thing that they are not forced to take in pieces again, and are so much farther off from doing it, as they have done already. His friends are with him as his physician, sought to only in his sickness and extremity, and to help him out of that mire he has plunged himself into; for in the suddenness of his passions he would hear nothing, and now his ill success has allay'd him he hears too late. He is a
man

man still sway'd with the first reports, and no man more in the power of a pick-thank than he. He is one will fight first, and then expostulate, condemn first and then examine. He loses his friend in a fit of quarrelling, and in a fit of kindness undoes himself; and then curses the occasion drew this mischief upon him, and cries, God mercy for it, and curses again. His repentance is merely a rage against himself, and he does something in itself to be repented again. He is a man whom fortune must go against much to make him happy, for had he been suffered his own way, he had been undone.

*A mere young GENTLEMAN of
the University*

IS one that comes there to wear a gown, and to say hereafter, he has been at the University. His father sent him thither because he heard there were the best fencing and dancing-schools; from these he has his education, from his tutor the oversight. The first element of his knowledge is to be shewn the colleges, and initiated in a tavern by the way, which hereafter he will learn of himself. The two marks of his seniority, is the bare velvet of his gown, and his proficiency at tennis, where when he can once play a set, he is a fresh man no more. His study has commonly handsome shelves, his books neat silk strings, which he shews to his father's man, and is loth to untie or take down for fear of misplacing. Upon foul days for recreation he retires thither, and looks over the
H pretty

pretty book his tutor reads to him, which is commonly some short history, or a piece of Euphormio; for which his tutor gives him money to spend next day. His main loitering is at the library, where he studies arms and books of honour, and turns a gentleman critick in pedigrees. Of all things he endures not to be mistaken for a scholar, and hates a black suit tho' it be made of fatten. His company is ordinarily some stale fellow, that has been notorious for an ingle to gold hatbands, whom he admires at first, afterward scorns. If he have spirit or wit, he may light of better company, and may learn some flashes of wit, which may do him knight's service in the country hereafter. But he is now gone to the Inns-of-court, where he studies to forget what he learn'd before, his acquaintance and the fashion.

A weak M A N

IS a child at man's estate, one whom nature huddled up in haste, and left his best part unfinish'd. The rest of him is grown to be a man, only his brain stays behind. He is one that has not improv'd his first rudiments, nor attain'd any proficiency by his stay in the world: But we may speak of him yet as when he was in the bud, a good harmless nature, a well-meaning mind and no more. It is his misery that he now wants a tutor, and is too old to have one. He is two steps above a fool, and a great many more below a wiseman; yet the fool is oft given him, and by those whom he esteems most. Some tokens of him are, He
loves

loves men better upon relation than experience, for he is exceedingly enamour'd of strangers, and none quicklier a weary of his friend. He charges you at first meeting with all his secrets, and on better acquaintance grows more reserv'd. Indeed he is one that mistakes much his abusers for friends, and his friends for enemies, and he apprehends your hate in nothing so much as in good council. One that is flexible with any thing but reason, and then only perverse; and you better intice than persuade him. A servant to every tale and flatterer, and whom the last man still works over. A great affecter of wits and such prettinesses; and his company is costly to him, for he seldom has it but invited. His friendship commonly is begun in a supper, and lost in lending money. The tavern is a dangerous place to him, for to drink and be drunk is with him all one, and his brain is sooner quenched than his thirst. He is drawn into naughtiness with company, but suffers alone, and the bastard commonly laid to his charge. One that will be patiently abus'd, and take exception a month after when he understands it, and then be abused again into a reconciliation; and you cannot endear him more than by cozening him; and it is a temptation to those that would not. One discoverable in all silliness to all men but himself, and you may take any man's knowledge of him better than his own. He will promise the same thing to twenty, and rather than deny one, break with all. One that has no power over himself, over his business, over his friends, but a prey and pity to all; and if his fortunes once sink, men quickly cry, Alas, and forget him.

A TOBACCO-SELLER

IS the only man that finds good in it which others brag of, but do not; for it is meat, drink, and cloaths to him. No man opens his ware with greater seriousness, or challenges your judgment more in the approbation. His shop is the rendezvous of spitting, where men dialogue with their noses, and their communication is smoke. It is the place only where Spain is commended and prefer'd before England itself. He should be well experienced in the world, for he has daily trial of men's nostrils, and none is better acquainted with humours. He is the piecing commonly of some other trade, which is bawd to his Tobacco, and that to his wife, which is the flame that follows this smoke.

An affected MAN

IS an extraordinary man in ordinary things. One that would go a strain beyond himself, and is taken in it. A man that overdoes all things with great solemnity of circumstance; and whereas with more negligence he might pass better, makes himself with a great deal of endeavour ridiculous. The fancy of some odd quaintnesses have put him clean beside his nature; he cannot be that he would, and hath lost what he was. He is one must be point-blank in every trifle, as if his credit and opinion hung upon it; the very space of his arms in an embrace

embrace studied before and premeditated, and the figure of his countenance of a fortnight's contriving; he will not curse you without-book and extempore, but in some choice way, and perhaps as some great man curses. Every action of his cries, 'Do you mark me?' and men do mark him how absurd he is: for affectation is the most betraying humour, and nothing that puzzles a man less to find out than this. All the actions of his life are like so many things budg'd in without any natural cadence or connection at all. You shall track him all through like a school-boy's theme, one piece from one author and this from another, and join all in this general, that they are none of his own. You shall observe his mouth not made for that tone, nor his face for that simper; and it is his luck that his finest things most misbecome him. If he affect the Gentleman, as the humour most commonly lies that way, not the least punctilio of a fine man, but he is strict in to a hair, even to their very negligences, which he cons as rules. He will not carry a knife with him to wound reputation, and pay double a reckoning, rather than ignobly question it: And he is full of this Ignobly, and Nobly, and Genteely; and this mere fear to trespass against the Genteel way puts him out most of all. It is a humour runs through many things besides, but is an ill-favoured ostentation in all and thrives not: And the best use of such men is, they are good parts in a play.

A POT-POET

IS the dregs of Wit, yet mingled with good drink may have some relish. His Inspirations are more real than others, for they do but feign a God, but he has his by him. His verse runs like the tap, and his invention as the barrel, ebbs and flows at the mercy of the spigot. In thin drink he aspires not above a ballad, but a cup of sack inflames him, and sets his muse and nose a-fire together. The Press is his mint, and stamps him now and then a six-pence or two in reward of the baser coin his Pamphlet. His works would scarce sell for three half-pence, though they are given oft for three shillings, but for the pretty title that allures the country Gentleman; for which the Printer maintains him in ale a fortnight. His verses are like his cloaths miserable centoes and patches, yet their pace is not altogether so hobbling as an Almanack's. The death of a great man, or the burning of a house furnish him with an argument, and the nine Muses are out strait in mourning gown, and Melpomene cries Fire, Fire. His other poems are but briefs in rhyme, and like the poor Greeks collections to redeem from captivity. He is a man now much employed in commendations of our navy, and a bitter inveigher against the Spaniard. His frequentest works go out in single sheets, and are chanted from market to market to a vile tune and a worse throat; whilst the poor country Wench melts like her butter to hear them. And these are the stories of some men of Tyburn, or a strange monster out of Germany;

Germany ; or sitting in a bawdy-house, he writes God's judgments. He drops away at last in some obscure painted cloth, to which himself made the verses, and his life like a cann too full spills upon the bench. He leaves twenty shillings on the score, which my hostess loses.

A plausible MAN

IS one that would fain run an even path in the world, and jut against no man. His endeavour is not to offend, and his aim the general opinion. His conversation is a kind of continued complement, and his life a practice of manners. The relation he bears to others, a kind of fashionable respect, not friendship but friendliness, which is equal to all and general, and his kindnesſes ſeldom exceed courtesies. He loves not deeper mutualities, becauſe he would not take ſides, nor hazard himſelf on diſpleaſures, which he principally avoids. At your firſt acquaintance with him he is exceeding kind and friendly, and at your twentieth meeting after but friendly ſtill. He has an excellent command over his patience and tongue, eſpecially the laſt, which he accommodates always to the times and perſons, and ſpeaks ſeldom what is ſincere, but what is civil. He is one that uſes all companies, drinks all healths, and is reaſonable cool in all religions. He conſiders who are friends to the company, and ſpeaks well where he is ſure to hear of it again. He can liſten to a fooliſh diſcourſe with an applauſive attention, and conceal his laughter at

at nonsense. Silly men much honour and esteem him, because by his fair reasoning with them as with men of understanding, he puts them into an erroneous opinion of themselves, and makes them forwarder hereafter to their own discovery. He is one rather well thought on than beloved, and that love he has is more of whole companies together than any one in particular. Men gratify him notwithstanding with a good report, and whatever vices he has besides, yet having no enemies, he is sure to be an honest fellow.

A BOWL-ALLEY

IS the place where there are three things thrown away beside Bowls, to wit, time, money, and curses, and the last ten for one. The best sport in it is the gamesters, and he enjoys it that looks on and bets not. It is the school of wrangling, and worse than the schools, for men will cavil here for a hair's breadth, and make a stir where a straw would end the controversy. No antick screws men's bodies into such strange flexures, and you would think them here senseless, to speak sense to their bowl, and put their trust in intreaties for a good cast. The betters are the factious noise of the alley, or the gamesters beadsmen that pray for them. They are somewhat like those that are cheated by great men, for they lose their money, and must say nothing. It is the best discovery of humours, especially in the losers, where you have fine variety of impatience, whilst some fret, some rail, some swear, and others more
ridi-

ridiculously comfort themselves with philosophy. To give you the moral of it ; it is the emblem of the world, or the world's ambition : where most are short, or over, or wide or wrong bias'd, and some few juggle in to the mistress fortune. And it is here as in the court, where the nearest are most spited, and all blows aim'd at the toucher.

The World's WISE MAN

IS an able and sufficient wicked man: It is a proof of his sufficiency that he is not called wicked, but wise. A man wholly determin'd in himself and his own ends, and his instruments herein any thing that will do it. His friends are a part of his engines, and as they serve to his works, us'd or laid by : Indeed, he knows not this thing of friend, but if he give you the name, it is a sign he has a plot on you. Never more active in his businesses, than when they are mix'd with some harm to others ; and 'tis his best play in this game to strike off and lie in the place : Successful commonly in these undertakings, because he passes smoothly those rubs which others stumble at, as conscience and the like ; and gratulates himself much in this advantage. Oaths and falsehood he counts the nearest way, and loves not by any means to go about. He has many fine quips at this folly of plain dealing, but his tush is greatest at religion ; yet he uses this too, and virtue and good words, but is less dangerously a Devil than a Saint. He ascribes all honesty to an unpractisedness in the world, and

conscience a thing merely for children. He scorns all that are so silly to trust him, and only not scorns his enemy, especially if as bad as himself: He fears him as a man well arm'd and provided, but sets boldly on good natures, as the most vanquishable. One that seriously admires those worst Princes, as Sforza, Borgia, and Richard the third; and calls matters of deep villainy things of difficulty: to whom murders are but resolute acts, and treason a business of great consequence. One whom two or three countries make up to this compleatness, and he has travelled for the purpose. His deepest endearment is a communication of mischief, and then only you have him fast. His conclusion is commonly one of these two, either a great man, or hang'd.

A SURGEON

IS one that has some business about this building or little house of man, whereof nature is as it were the tiler, and he the plaisterer. It is often out of reparations than an old parsonage, and then he is set on work to patch it again. He deals most with broken commodities, as a broken head or a mangled face, and his gains are very ill got, for he lives by the hurts of the commonwealth. He differs from a Physician as a sore does from a disease, or the sick from those that are not whole, the one distempers you within, the other blisters you without. He complains of the decay of valour in these days, and sighs for that flashing age of sword and buckler; and thinks the law against duels

duels was made merely to wound his vocation. He had been long since undone if the charity of the stews had not relieved him, from whom he has his tribute as duly as the Pope; or a wind-fall sometimes from a tavern, if a quart pot hit right. The rareness of his custom makes him pitiless when it comes, and he holds a patient longer than our courts a cause. He tells you what danger you had been in if he had staid but a minute longer, and though it be but a prick'd finger, he makes of it much matter. He is a reasonable cleanly man, considering the scabs he has to deal with, and your finest ladies are now and then beholden to him for their best dressings. He curses old gentlewomen and their charity that makes his trade their alms; but his envy is never stir'd so much as when gentlemen go over to fight upon Calais sands, whom he wishes drown'd e'er they come there, rather than the French shall get his custom.

A profane M A N

IS one that denies God as far as the law gives him leave, that is, only does not say so in downright terms, for so far he may go. A man that does the greatest sins calmly and as the ordinary actions of life, and as calmly discourses of it again. He will tell you his business is to break such a commandment, and the breaking of the commandment shall tempt him to it. His words are but so many vomitings cast up to the loathsomeness of the hearers, only those of his company loath it not. He will take upon him with oaths to pelt some tenderer man out of his company, and makes good sport at his

conquest over the Puritan fool. The Scripture supplies him for jests, and he reads it of purpose to be thus merry. He will prove you his sin out of the Bible, and then ask if you will not take that authority. He never sees the Church but of purpose to sleep in it, or when some silly man preaches, with whom he means to make sport, and is most jocund in the Church. One that nicknames Clergymen with all the terms of reproach, as Rat, Black-coat, and the like, which he will be sure to keep up, and never calls them by other: That sings Psalms when he is drunk, and cries God mercy in mockery, for he must do it. He is one seems to dare God in all his actions, but indeed would out-dare the opinion of him, which would else turn him desperate; for Atheism is the refuge of such sinners, whose repentance would be only to hang themselves.

A contemplative MAN

IS a scholar in this great University the world; and the same his book and study. He cloisters not his meditations in the narrow darkness of a room, but sends them abroad with his eyes, and his brain travels with his feet. He looks upon man from a high tower, and sees him trulier at this distance in his infirmities and poorness. He scorns to mix himself in men's actions, as he would to act upon a stage; but sits aloft on the scaffold a censuring spectator. He will not lose his time by being busy, or make so poor a use of the world as to hug and embrace it. Nature admits him as a partaker

taker of her sports, and asks his approbation as it were of her own works and variety. He comes not in company, because he would not be solitary, but finds discourse enough with himself, and his own thoughts are his excellent play-fellows. He looks not upon a thing as a yawning stranger at novelties, but his search is more mysterious and inward, and he spells Heaven out of Earth. He knits his observations together, and makes a ladder of them all to climb to God. He is free from vice, because he has no occasion to employ it, and is above those ends that make men wicked. He has learnt all can here be taught him, and comes now to Heaven to see more.

A She precise HYPOCRITE

IS one in whom good women suffer, and have their truth mis-interpreted by her folly. She is one, she knows not what herself is if you ask her, but she is indeed one that has taken a toy at the fashion of religion, and is enamour'd of the newfangle. She is a Nonconformist in a close stomacher and ruff of Geneva print, and her purity consists much in her linen. She has heard of the Rag of Rome, and thinks it a very fluttish religion, and rails at the Whore of Babylon for a naughty woman. She has left her virginity as a relick of Popery, and marries in her tribe without a ring. Her devotion at church is much in the turning up of her eye; and turning down the leaf in her book, when she hears nam'd chapter and verse. When she comes home, she commends the sermon
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for the scripture, and two hours. She loves preaching better than praying, and of Preachers, Lecturers; and thinks the week day's exercise far more edifying than the Sunday's. Her ofttest gossipings are Sabbath-days journeys, where (though an enemy to superstition) she will go in pilgrimage five miles to a silenc'd minister, when there is a better sermon in her own parish. She doubts of the Virgin Mary's salvation, and dares not faint her, but knows her own place in heaven as perfectly as the pew she has a key to. She is so taken up with Faith, she has no room for Charity, and understands no good works but what are wrought on the sampler. She accounts nothing vices but superstition and an oath, and thinks adultery a less sin than to swear, By my truly. She rails at other women by the names of Jezebel and Dalilah; and calls her own daughters Rebecca and Abigail, and not Anne but Hannah. She suffers them not to learn on the virginals, because of their affinity with organs, but is reconciled to the bells for the chimes sake, since they were reformed to the tune of a Psalm. She overflows so with the Bible, that she spills it upon every occasion, and will not cudgel her maids without scripture. It is a question whether she is more troubled with the Devil, or the Devil with her: She is always challenging and daring him, and her weapon is, the Practice of Piety. Nothing angers her so much as that women cannot preach, and in this point only thinks this Brownist erroneous; but what she cannot at church she does at table, where she prattles more than any against sense and Antichrist, 'till a capon's wing silence her. She expounds the Priests of Baal Reading Ministers, and

and thinks the salvation of that parish as desperate as the Turks. She is a main derider to her capacity of those that are not her preachers, and censures all sermons but bad ones. If her husband be a tradesman, she helps him to customers, howsoever to good cheer, and they are a most faithful couple at these meetings, for they never fail. Her conscience is like others, lust never satisfied, and you might better answer Scotus than her scruples. She is one that thinks she performs all her duties to God in hearing, and shews the fruits of it in talking. She is more fiery against the Maypole than her husband, and thinks she might do a Phineas's act to brake the pate of the Fidler. She is an everlasting argument, but I am weary of her.

A SCEPTICK in Religion

IS one that hangs in the ballance with all sorts of opinions, whereof not one but stirs him, and none sways him. A man guiltier of credulity than he is taken to be; for it is out of his belief of every thing, that he fully believes nothing. Each Religion scares him from its contrary; none persuades him to itself. He would be wholly a Christian, but that he is something of an Atheist, and wholly an Atheist, but that he is partly a Christian; and a perfect Heretic, but that there are so many to distract him. He finds reason in all opinions, truth in none; indeed the least reason perplexes him, and the best will not satisfy him. He is at most a confused and wild Christian, not specialized by any form, but capable

pable of all. He uses the Land's Religion, because it is next him, yet he sees not why he may not take the other, but he chuses this, not as better, but because there is not a pin to choose. He finds doubts and scruples better than resolves them, and is always too hard for himself. His Learning is too much for his brain; and his judgment too little for his learning, and his over-opinion of both spoils all. Pity it was his mischance of being a Scholar; for it does only distract and irregulate him and the world by him. He hammers much in general upon our opinion's uncertainty, and the possibility of erring makes him not venture on what is true. He is troubled at this naturalness of Religion to Countries, that Protestantism should be born so in England, and Popery abroad; and that Fortune and the Stars should so much share in it. He likes not this connexion of the Common-weal, and Divinity, and fears it may be an Arch-practice of State. In our differences with Rome he is strangely unfixed, and a new man every new day, as his last discourse-books Meditations transport him. He could like the grey hairs of Popery, did not some dotages there stagger him, he would come to us sooner, but our new name affrights him. He is taken with their Miracles, but doubts an imposture; he conceives of our Doctrine better, but it seems too empty and naked. He cannot drive into his fancy the circumscription of Truth to our corner, and is as hardly persuaded to think their old Legends true. He approves well of our Faith, and more of their Works, and is sometimes much affected at the zeal of Amsterdam. His conscience interposes itself betwixt Duellers, and whilst
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(73)
it would part both, is by both wounded. He will sometimes propend much to us upon the reading a good Writer, and at Bellarmine recoils as far back again; and the Fathers juggle him from one side to another. Now Socinus and Vorstius afresh torture him, and he agrees with none worse than himself. He puts his foot into heresies tenderly as a cat in the water, and pulls it out again, and still something unanswered delays him, yet he bears away some parcel of each, and you may sooner pick all Religions out of him than one. He cannot think so many wise men should be in error, nor so many honest men out of the way, and his wonder is double when he sees these oppose one another. He hates authority as the tyrant of reason, and you cannot anger him worse than with a father's dixit, and yet that many are not persuaded with reason, shall authorize his doubt. In sum, his whole life is a question, and his salvation a greater, which death only concludes, and then he is resolved.

An ATTORNEY.

HIS antient beginning was a blue coat, since a livery, and his hatching under a Lawyer; whence though but pen-feather'd, he hath now nested for himself, and with his hoarded pence purchased an office. Two desks and a quire of paper set him up, where he now sits in state for all comers. We can call him no great author, yet he writes very much, and with the infamy of the court is maintained in his libels. He has some smatch of a scholar,

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and yet uses Latin very hardly ; and lest it should accuse him, cuts it off in the midst, and will not let it speak out. He is contrary to great men, maintained by his followers, that is, his poor country clients, that worship him more than their landlord, and be they never such churls, he looks for their courtesy. He first racks them soundly himself, and then delivers them to the Lawyer for execution. His looks are very solicitous, importing much haste and dispatch, he is never without his hands full of business, that is, of Paper. His skin becomes at last as dry as his Parchment, and his face as intricate as the most winding cause. He talks statutes as fiercely as if he had mooted seven years in the Inns of Court, when all his skill is stuck in his girdle, or in his office window. Strife and wrangling have made him rich, and he is thankful to his benefactor, and nourishes it. If he live in a country village, he makes all his neighbours good subjects ; for there shall be nothing done but what there is law for. His business gives him not leave to think of his conscience, and when the time, or term of his life is going out, for doomsday he is secure ; for he hopes he has a Trick to reverse judgment.

A C O W A R D

IS the man that is commonly most fierce against the coward, and labouring to take off this suspicion from himself ; for the opinion of valour is a good protection to those that dare not use it. No man is valianter than he is

is in civil company, and where he thinks no danger may come on it, and is the readiest man to fall upon a drawer and those that must not strike again: wonderful exceptionous and chole-
rick where he sees men are loth to give him occasion, and you cannot pacify him better than by quarrelling with him. The hotter you grow, the more temperate man is he ; he protests he always honoured you, and the more you rail upon him, the more he honours you, and you threaten him at last into a very honest quiet man. The sight of a sword wounds him more sensibly than the stroke, for before that come he is dead already. Every man is his master that dare beat him, and every man dares that knows him. And he that dare do this is the only man can do much with him ; for his friend he cares not for, as a man that carries no such terror as his enemy, which for this cause only is more potent with him of the two : And men fall out with him of purpose to get courtesies from him, and be bribed again to a reconciliation. A man in whom no secret can be bound up, for the apprehension of each danger loosens him, and makes him bewray both the room and it. He is a Christian merely for fear of hell-fire ; and if any Religion could fright him more, would be of that.

A partial MAN

IS the opposite extreme to a Defamer, for the one speaks ill falsely, and the other well, and both slander the truth. He is one that is still weighing men in the scale of comparisons,

and puts his affections in the one ballance and that ſways. His friend always ſhall do beſt, and you ſhall rarely hear good of his enemy. He conſiders firſt the man and then the thing, and reſtrains all merit to what they deſerve of him. Commendations he eſteems not the debt of worth, but the requital of kindneſs; and if you aſk his reaſon, ſhews his intereſt, and tells you how much he is beholden to that man. He is one that ties his judgment to the wheel of fortune, and they determine giddily both alike. He prefers England before other Countries becauſe he was born there, and Oxford before other Universities, becauſe he was brought up there, and the beſt ſcholar there is one of his own college, and the beſt ſcholar there one of his friends. He is a great favourer of great perſons, and his argument is ſtill that which ſhould be antecedent; as, He is in high place, therefore virtuous; He is prefer'd, therefore worthy. Never aſk his opinion, for you ſhall hear but his faction, and he is indifferent in nothing but conſcience. Men eſteem him for this a zealous affectionate, but they miſtake him many times, for he does it but to be eſteemed ſo. Of all men he is worſt to write an Hiſtory, for he will praife a Sejanus or Tiberius, and for ſome petty reſpect of his all poſterity ſhall be cozen'd.

A TRUMPETER

IS the Elephant with the great Trunk, for he eats nothing but what comes thro' this way. His Profeſſion is not ſo worthy as to occaſion ſilence, and yet no man ſo much put up, His

His face is as brazen as his trumpet, and (which is worse) as a fiddlers, from whom he differeth only in this, that his impudence is dearer. The sea of drink and much wind make a storm perpetually in his cheeks, and his look is like his noise, blustering and tempestuous. He was whilom the sound of war, but now of peace; yet as terrible as ever, for wheresoever he comes they are sure to pay for it. He is the common attendant of glittering folks, whether in the court or stage, where he is always the prologue's prologue. He is somewhat in the nature of a hoghead, shrillest when he is empty; when his belly is full he is quiet enough. No man proves life more to be a blast, or himself a bubble, and he is like a counterfeit bankrupt, thrives best when he is blown up.

A vulgar-spirited M A N

IS one of the herd of the world. One that follows merely the common cry, and makes it louder by one. A man that loves none but who are publickly affected, and he will not be wiser than the rest of the town. That never owns a friend after an ill name, or some general imputation, though he knows it most unworthy. That opposes to reason, thus men say, and thus most do, and thus the world goes, and thinks this enough to poise the other. That worships men in place, and those only, and thinks all a great man speaks oracles. Much taken with my lord's jest, and repeats you it all to a syllable. One that justifies nothing out
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of fashion, nor any opinion out of the applauded way. That thinks certainly all Spaniards and Jesuits very villains, and is still cursing the Pope and Spinola. One that thinks the gravest cassock the best scholar ; and the best cloaths the finest man. That is taken only with broad and obscene wit, and hisses any thing too deep for him. That cries, Chaucer for his money above all our English poets, because the voice has gone so, and he has read none. That is much ravished with such a nobleman's courtesy, and would venture his life for him, because he put off his hat. One that is foremost still to kiss the king's hand, and cries, God bless his majesty loudest. That rails on all men condemned and out of favour, and the first that says away with the Traitors ; yet struck with much truth at executions, and for pity to see a man die, could kill the hangman. That comes to London to see it, and the pretty things in it, and the chief cause of his journey the bears. That measures the happiness of the kingdom by the cheapness of corn ; and conceives no harm of state, but ill trading. Within this compass too, come those that are too much wedged into the world, and no have lifting thoughts above those things ; that call to thrive, to do well, and preferment only the grace of God. That aim all studies at this mark, and shew you poor scholars as an example to take heed by. That think the prison and want a judgment for some sin, and never like well hereafter of a jail-bird. That know no other content but wealth, bravery, and the town-pleasures ; that think all else but idle speculation, and the philosophers madmen.

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In short, men that are carried away with all outwardnesses, shews, appearances, the stream, the people ; for there is no man of worth but has a piece of singularity, and scorns something.

A Plodding STUDENT

IS a kind of Alchymist or persecutor of nature, that would change the dull lead of his brain into finer metal with success many times as unprosperous, or at least not quitting the cost, to wit, of his own oil and candles. He has a strange forced appetite to learning, and to achieve it brings nothing but patience and a body. His study is not great but continual, and consists much in the sitting up 'till after midnight in a rug gown and a night-cap, to the vanquishing perhaps of some six lines ; yet what he has, he has perfect, for he reads it so long to understand it, 'till he gets it without book. He may with much industry make a breach into Logick, and arrive at some ability in an argument ; but for politer studies he dare not skirmish with them, and for Poetry accounts it impregnable. His invention is no more than the finding out of his papers, and his few gleanings there ; and his disposition of them is as just as the book-binders, a setting or glewing of them together. He is a great discomforter of young students, by telling them what travel it has cost him, and how often his brain turned at philosophy, and makes others fear studying as a cause of duncery. He is a man much given to apothegms, which serve him for wit, and seldom breaks any jest but which

which belonged to some Lacedemonian or Roman in Lycolthenes. He is like a dull carrier's horse, that will go a whole week together, but never out of a foot pace; and he that sets forth on the Saturday shall overtake him.

A sordid rich MAN

IS a beggar of a fair estate, of whose wealth we may say as of other men's unthriftiness, that it has brought him to this; when he had nothing he lived in another kind of fashion. He is a man whom men hate in his own behalf for using himself thus, and yet being upon himself, it is but justice, for he deserves it. Every accession of a fresh heap bates him so much of his allowance, and brings him a degree nearer starving. His body had been long since desperate, but for the reparation of other men's tables, where he hoards meats in his belly for a month, to maintain him in hunger so long. His clothes were never young in our memory; you might make long Epochas from them, and put them into the Almanack with the dear year and the great frost, and he is known by them longer than his face. He is one never gave alms in his life, and yet is as charitable to his neighbour as himself. He will redeem a penny with his reputation, and lose all his friends to boot; and his reason is, he will not be undone. He never pays any thing but with strictness of law, for fear of which only he steals not. He loves to pay short a shilling or two in a great sum, and is glad to gain that when he can no more. He never sees a friend but in a journey to save

save the charges of an inn, and then only is not sick ; and his friends never see him but to abuse him. He is a fellow indeed of a kind of frantick thrift, and one of the strangest things that wealth can work.

PAUL'S WALK

IS the Land's Epitome, or you may call it the lesser Isle of Great Britain. It is more than this, the whole world's map, which you may here discern in its perfectest motion, justling and turning. It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages ; and were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees, a strange humming of buzz mix'd of walking tongues and feet. It is a kind of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and a foot. It is the synod of all pates politick, jointed and laid together in most serious posture, and they are not half so busy at the parliament. It is the antick of tails to tails, and backs to backs ; and for vizards you need go no farther than faces. It is the market of young Lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the general mint of all famous lies, which are here like the legends of Popery, first coin'd and stamp'd in the Church. All inventions are emptied here, and not few pockets. The best sign of a Temple in it is, that is the thieves sanctuary, which rob more safely in the crowd than a wilderness, whilst every searcher is a bush to hide
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them. It is the other expence of the day, after plays, tavern, and a bawdy-house ; and men have still some oaths left to swear here. It is the ear's brothel, and satisfies their lust and itch. The visitants are all men without exceptions, but the principal inhabitants and possessors are stale Knights and Captains out of service ; men of long rapiers and breeches, which after all turn Merchants here and traffick for news. Some make it a preface to their dinner, and travel for a stomach ; but thriftier men make it their ordinary, and board here very cheap. Of all such places it is least haunted with Hobgoblins, for if a Ghost would walk more he could not.

A mere great MAN

IS so much Heraldry without Honour, himself less real than his title. His virtue is, that he was his father's son, and all the expectation of him to beget another. A man that lives merely to preserve another's memory, and let us know who died so many years ago. One of just as much use as his images, only he differs in this, that he can speak himself, and save the fellow of Westminster a labour ; and he remembers nothing better than what was out of his life. His Grandfathers and their acts are his discourse, and he tells them with more glory than they did them ; and it is well they did enough, or else he had wanted matter. His other studies are his sports and those vices that are fit for great men. Every vanity of his has his officer, and is a serious employment for his servants.

servants. He talks loud and bauldly and scurvily as a part of state, and they hear him with reverence. All good qualities are below him, and especially learning, except some parcels of the Chronicle and the writing of his name, which he learns to write not to be read. He is merely of his servants faction, and their instrument for their friends and enemies, and is always least thank'd for his own courtesies. They that fool him most, do most with him, and he little thinks how many laugh at him bare-head. No man is kept in ignorance more of himself and men, for he hears nought but flattery; and what is fit to be spoken, truth with so much preface that it loses itself. Thus he lives 'till his tomb be made ready, and is then a grave statue to posterity.

A C O O K.

THE Kitchen is his Hell, and he the Devil in it, where his meat and he fry together. His revenues are showered down from the fat of the land, and he interlards his own grease among to help the drippings. Cholerick he is not by nature so much as his art, and it is a shrewd temptation that the chopping-knife is so near. His weapons ofter offensive are a mess of hot broth and scalding water, and woe be to him that comes in his way. In the kitchen he will domineer and rule the roast in spite of his master, and curses in the very dialect of his calling. His labour is mere blustering and fury, and his speech like that of sailors in a storm, a thousand busineses at once; yet in all this tu-

mult he does not love combustion, but will be the first man that shall go and quench it. He is never a good Christian 'till a hissing pot of ale has slack'd him, like water cast on a fire-brand, and for that time he is tame and disposess'd. His cunning is not small in Architecture, for he builds strange fabricks in paste, towers and castles, which are offered to the assault of valiant teeth, and like Darius's palace in one banquet demolished. He is a pitiless murderer of innocents, and he mangles poor fowls with unheard-of tortures, and it is thought the martyrs persecutions were devised from hence; sure we are, St. Lawrence's grid-iron came out of his kitchen. His best faculty is at the dresser, where he seems to have great skill in the Tacticks, ranging his dishes in order military, and placing with great discretion in the forefront meats more strong and hardy, and the more cold and cowardly in the rear; as quaking tarts and quivering custards, and such milk-sop dishes, which 'scape many times the fury of the encounter. But now the second course is gone up and he down in the cellar, where he drinks and sleeps 'till four o'clock in the afternoon, and then returns again to his regiment.

A bold forward MAN

IS a lusty fellow in a crowd, that's beholden more to his elbow than his legs, for he does not go, but thrusts well. He is a good shuffler in the world, wherein he is so oft putting forth, that at length he puts on. He can do
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some things, but dare do much more, and is like a desperate soldier, who will assault any thing where he is sure not to enter. He is not so well opinion'd of himself, as industrious to make other, and thinks no vice so prejudicial as blushing. He is still citing for himself, that a candle should not be hid under a bushel; and for his part he will be sure not to hide his, though his candle be but a snuff or rush-candle. These few good parts he has, he is no niggard in displaying, and is like some needy flanting Goldsmith, nothing in the inner room but all on the cupboard. If he be a scholar, he has commonly step'd into the pulpit before a degree, yet into that too before he deserved it. He never defers St. Mary's beyond his regency, and his next Sermon is at Paul's Cross, and that printed. He loves publick things alive; and for any solemn entertainment he will find a mouth, find a speech who will. He is greedy of great acquaintance and many, and thinks it no small advancement to rise to be known. He is one that has all the great names at Court at his fingers ends, and their lodgings, and with a sawcy My Lord will salute the best of them. His talk at the table like Benjamin's mess, five times to his part, and no argument shuts him out for a quarreller. Of all disgraces he endures not to be nonplus'd, and had rather fly for sanctuary to nonsense which few descry, than to nothing which all. His boldness is beholden to other men's modesty, which rescues him many times from a baffle; yet his face is good armour, and he is dash'd out of any thing sooner than countenance. Groffer conceits are puzzled in in him for a rare man; and wiser men, though they know him, yet take him in
for

for their pleasure ; or as they would do a scul-
ler for being next at hand. Thus preferment
at last stumbles on him, because he is still in
in the way. His companions that flouted him
before, now envy him, when they see him come
ready for scarlet, whilst themselves lie musty
in their old clothes and colleges.

A B A K E R.

NO man verifies the proverb more, that is
an alms-deed to punish him ; for his pe-
nalty is a dole, and does the beggars as much
good as their dinner. He abhors therefore works
of charity, and thinks his bread cast away when
it is given to the poor. He loves not justice
neither, for the weigh-scales sake, and hates
the clerk of the market as his executioner ;
yet he finds mercy in his offences, and his
basket only is sent to prison. Marry a pillory
is his deadly enemy, and he never hears well
after.

A PRETENDER *to Learning*

IS one that would make all others more fools
than himself, for though he know nothing,
he would not have the world know so much.
He conceits nothing in learning but the opinion,
which he seeks to purchase without it, though
he might with less labour cure his ignorance
than hide it. He is indeed a kind of Scholar-
Mountebank, and his art our delusion. He is
trick'd

trick'd out in all the accoutrements of learning,
 and at the first encounter none passes better. He
 is oftener in his study than at his book; and
 you cannot please him better than to depre-
 hend him: yet hears you not 'till the third
 knock, and then comes out very angry as inter-
 rupted. You find him in his slippers and a pen
 in his ear, in which formality he was asleep.
 His table is spread wide with some Classic Fo-
 lio, which is as constant to it as the carpet, and
 hath laid open in the same page this half year.
 His candle is always a longer sitter up than him-
 self, and the boast of his window at midnight.
 He walks alone in the posture of meditation;
 and has a book still before his face in the fields.
 His pocket is seldom without a Greek Testa-
 ment or Hebrew Bible, which he opens only
 in the Church, and that when some stander-by
 looks over. He has sentences for company,
 some scatterings of Seneca and Tacitus, which
 are good upon all occasions. If he reads any
 thing in the morning, it comes up all at din-
 ner; and as long as that lasts, the discourse is
 his. He is a great plagiary of tavern wit, and
 comes to sermons only that he may talk of
 Austin. His parcels are the mere scrapings
 from company, yet he complains at parting
 what time he has lost. He is wonderfully ca-
 pricious to seem a judgment, and listens with
 a sower attention to what he understands not.
 He talks much of Scaliger and Casaubon, and
 the Jesuits, and prefers some unheard-of Dutch
 name before them all. He has verses to bring
 in upon these and these hints, and it shall go
 hard but he will wind in his opportunity. He
 is critical in a language he cannot construe, and
 speaks seldom under Arminius in divinity. His
 business

business and retirement and caller away is his study, and he protests no delight to it comparable. He is a great Nomenclator of Authors, which he has read in the catalogue, and in particular in the title, and goes seldom so far as the Dedication. He never talks of any thing but learning, and learns all from talking. Three encounters with the same men pump him, and then he only puts in or gravely says nothing. He has taken pains to be an ass, though not to be a scholar, and is at length discovered and laugh'd at.

A poor MAN

IS the most impotent man, tho' neither blind nor lame, as wanting the more necessary limbs of life, without which limbs are a burden. A man unfenc'd and unshelter'd from the gusts of the world, which blow all in upon him, like an unroof'd house; and the bitterest thing he suffers is his neighbours. All men put on to him a kind of churlisher fashion, and even more plausible natures churlish to him, as who are nothing advantaged by his opinion: Whom men fall out with beforehand to prevent friendship, and his friends too to prevent engagements, or if they own him 'tis in private and a by-room, and on condition not to know them before company. All vice put together is not half so scandalous, nor sets off our acquaintance farther, and even those that are not friends for ends do not love any dearness with such men. The least courtesies are upbraided to him, and himself thank'd for none, but his best services suspected
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as handsome sharking and tricks to get money. And we shall observe it in knaves themselves, that your beggarliest knaves are the greatest or thought so at least, for those that have wit to thrive by it have art not to seem so. Now a poor man has not vizard enough to mask his vices, nor ornament enough to set forth his virtues, but both are naked and unhandsome; and tho' no man is necessitated to more ill, yet no man's ill is less excused, but it is thought a kind of impudence in him to be vicious, and a presumption above his fortune. His good parts lie dead upon his hands, for want of matter to employ them, and at the best are not commended but pitied, as virtues ill placed, and we may say of him, 'Tis an honest man, but 'tis pity; and yet those that call him so will trust a knave before him. He is a man that has the truest speculation of the world, because all men shew to him in their plainest and worst, as a man they have no plot on, by appearing good to; whereas rich men are entertained with a more holiday behaviour, and see only the best we can dissemble. He is the only he that tries the true strength of wisdom, what it can do of itself without the help of fortune; that with a great deal of virtue conquers extremities, and with a great deal more his own impatience, and obtains of himself not to hate men.

A H E R A L D

IS the spawn or indeed but the resultancy of Nobility, and to the making of him went not a generation but a genealogy. His trade is
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honour,

honour, and he sells it, and gives arms himself, though he be no gentleman. His bribes are like those of a corrupt judge, for they are the prices of blood. He seems very rich in discourse, for he tells you of whole fields of gold and silver, or an argent, worth much in French but in English nothing. He is a great diver in the streams or issues of Gentry, and not a by-channel or bastard escapes him; yea, he does with them like some shameless quean, fathers more children than ever they begot. His traffick is a kind of pedlary-ware, 'scutcheons, and pennons, and little daggers and lions, such as children esteem and gentlemen; but his pennyworths are rampant, for you may buy three whole brawns cheaper than three boars heads of him painted. He was sometimes the terrible Coat of Mars, but now for more merciful battles in the Tilt-yard, where whosoever is victorious, the spoils are his. He is an art in England, but in Wales nature, where they are born with Heraldry in their mouths, and each name is a pedigree.

The common SINGING-MEN

ARE a bad society, and yet a company of good fellows, that roar deep in the quire, deeper in the tavern. They are the eight parts of speech, which go to the Syntaxis of Service, and are distinguished by their noises much like bells, for they make not a concert but a peal. Their pastime or recreation is prayers, their exercise drinking, yet herein so religiously addicted, that they serve God ofttest when they are drunk.

drunk. Their humanity is a leg to the Residencer, their learning a chapter, for they learn it commonly before they read it; yet the old Hebrew names are little beholden to them, for they mis-call them worse than one another. Tho' they never expound the scripture, they handle it much, and pollute the gospel with two things, their conversation and their thumbs. Upon worky-days, they behave themselves at prayers as at their pots, for they swallow them down in an instant. Their gowns are laced commonly with streamings of ale, the superfluities of a cup or throat above measure. Their skill in melody makes them the better companions abroad, and their anthems abler to sing catches. Long lived for the most part they are not, especially the base, they overflow their bank so oft to drown the organs. Briefly, if they escape arresting, they die constantly in God's service; and to take their death with more patience, they have wine and cakes at their funeral, and now they keep the Church a great deal better, and help to fill it with their bones as before with their noise.

A SHOPKEEPER.

HIS Shop is his well stuf't Book, and himself the title-page of it, or index. He utters much to all men, though he sells but to a few, and intreats for his own necessities, by asking others what they lack. No man speaks more and no more, for his words are like his wares, twenty of one sort, and he goes over them alike to all comers. He is an arrogant

commender of his own things ; for whatsoever he shews you is the best in the town, tho' the worst in his shop. His conscience was a thing that would have laid upon his hands, and he was forced to put it off, and makes great use of honesty to profess upon. He tells you lies by rote, and not minding, as the phrase to sell in, and the language he spent most of his years to learn. He never speaks so truly, as when he says he would use you as his brother, for he would abuse his brother ; and in his shop thinks it lawful. His Religion is much in the nature of his customers, and indeed the pander to it : And by a misinterpreted sense of scripture makes a gain of his godliness. He is your slave while you pay him ready money, but if he once befriend you, your tyrant, and you had better deserve his hate than his trust.

A blunt MAN

IS one whose wit is better pointed than his behaviour, and that coarse and impolished, not out of ignorance so much as humour. He is a great enemy to the fine gentleman, and these things of compliment, and hates ceremony in conversation, as the Puritan in religion. He distinguishes not betwixt fair and double dealing, and suspects all smoothness for the dress of knavery. He starts at the encounter of a salutation as an assault, and beseeches you in choler to forbear your courtesy. He loves not any thing in discourse that comes before the purpose, and is always suspicious of a preface. Himself falls rudely still on his matter without any

any circumstance, except he use an old proverb for an introduction. He swears old out-of-date innocent oaths ; as by the mass, by our lady, and suck like, and tho' there be lords present, he cries, my masters. He is exceedingly in love with his humour, which makes him always profess and proclaim it, and you must take what he says patiently, because he is a plain man. His nature is his excuse still, and other men's tyrant ; for he must speak his mind, and that is his worst, and craves your pardon most injuriously for not pardoning you. His jests best become him, because they come from him rudely and unaffected ; and he has the luck commonly to have them famous. He is one that will do more than he will speak, and yet speak more than he will hear ; for tho' he love to touch others, he is touchy himself, and seldom to his own abuses replies but with his fists. He is as squeazy of his commendations, as his courtesy, and his good word is like an elegy in a satire. He is generally better favoured than he favours, as being commonly well expounded in his bitterness, and no man speaks treason more securely. He chides great men with most boldness, and is counted for it an honest fellow. He is grumbling much in the behalf of the commonwealth, and is in prison oft for it with credit. He is generally honest, but more generally thought so, and his downrightnes credits him, as a man not well bended and crookned to the times. In conclusion, he is not easily bad, in whom this quality is nature, but the counterfeit is most dangerous, since he is disguised in a humour, that professes not to disguise.

A handsome HOSTESS

IS the fairer commendation of an Inn, above the fair sign, or fair lodgings. She is the loadstone that attracts men of iron, gallants and roarers, where they cleave sometimes long, and are not easily got off. Her lips are your welcome, and your entertainment her company, which is put into the reckoning too, and is the dearest parcel in it. No Citizen's wife is demurer than she at the first greeting, nor draws in her mouth with a chaster simper; but you may be more familiar without distaste, and she does not startle at bawdry. She is the confusion of a pottle of sack more than would have been spent elsewhere, and her little jugs are accepted to have her kifs excuse them. She may be an honest woman, but is not believed so in her parish, and no man is a greater infidel in it than her husband.

A CRITIC

IS one that has spell'd over a great many books, and his observation is the orthography. He is the surgeon of old Authors, and heals the wounds of dust and ignorance. He converses much in fragments and Desunt multa's, and if he piece it up with two lines he is more proud of that Book than the author. He runs over all Sciences to peruse their Syntaxis, and thinks all learning comprised in writing Latin. He tastes Stiles as some discreeter palates do wine;

wine ; and tells you which is genuine, which sophisticate and bastard. His own phrase is a miscellany of old words, deceased long before the Cæsars, and entombed by Varro, and the modern'st man he follows is Plautus. He writes Omneis at length, and quidquid, and his Gerund is most inconformable. He is a troublesome vexer of the dead, which after so long sparing must rise up to the judgment of his castigations. He is one that makes all Books sell dearer, whilst he swells them into folio's with his comments.

A SERGEANT, or CATCHPOLE

IS one of God's judgments ; and which our roarers do only conceive terrible. He is the properest shape wherein they fancy Satan ; for he is at most but an Arrester, and Hell a dungeon. He is the Creditor's hawke, wherewith they seize upon flying birds, and fetch them again in his talions. He is the period of young Gentlemen, or their full stop, for when he meets with them they can go no farther. His ambush is a shop-stall, or close lane, and his assault is cowardly at your back. He respites you in no place but a tavern, where he sells his minutes dearer than a clockmaker. The common way to run from him is thorow him, which is often attempted and atchieved, and no man is more beaten out of Charity. He is one makes the street more dangerous than the highways, and men go better provided in their walks than their journey. He is the first handsel of the young rapiers of the Templers ; and they are
as

as proud of his repulse as an Hungarian of killing a Turk. He is a moveable Prison, and his hands two manacles hard to be filed off. He is an occasioner of disloyal thoughts in the Commonwealth, for he makes men hate the King's name worse than the Devil's.

An ordinary honest M A N

IS one whom it concerns to be called honest, for if he were not this, he were nothing; and yet he is not this neither, but a good dull vicious fellow, that complies well with the debasements of the time, and is fit for it. One that has no good part in him to offend his company, or make him to be suspected a proud fellow; but is sociably a dunce, and sociably a drinker. That does it fair and above-board without legerdemain, and neither shirks for a cup or a reckoning: That is kind o'er his beer, and protests he loves you, and begins to you again, and loves you again. One that quarrels with no man, but for not pledging him, but takes all absurdities and commits as many, and is no tell-tale next morning, though he remember it. One that will fight for his friend if he hear him abused, and his friend commonly is he that is most likely, and he lifts up many a jugg in his defence. He rails against none but censurers, against whom he thinks he rails lawfully, and censurers are all those that are better than himself. These good properties qualify him for honesty enough, and raise him high in the Alehouse commendation, who, if he had any other good quality, would be named by that.

that. But now for refuge he is an honest man, and hereafter a sot: *Only* those that commend him think him not so, and those that commend him are honest fellows.

An University D U N

IS a Gentleman's follower cheaply purchased, for his own money has hired him. He is an inferior creditor of some ten shillings or downwards, contracted for horse-hire, or perchance for drink, too weak to be put in suit, and he arrests you modestly. He is now very expensive of his time, for he will wait upon your stairs a whole afternoon, and dance attendance with more patience than a Gentleman-Usher. He is a fore beleaguerer of chambers, and assaults them sometimes with furious knocks, yet finds strong resistance commonly, and is kept out. He is a great complainer of scholars loitering, for he is sure never to find them within, and yet he is the chief cause many times that makes them study. He grumbles at the ingratitude of men that shun him for his kindness, but indeed it is his own fault, for he is too great an upbraider. No man puts them more to their brain than he; and by shifting him off they learn to shift in the world. Some chuse their rooms on purpose to avoid his surprisals, and think the best commodity in them his prospect. He is like a rejected acquaintance, hunts those that care not for his company, and he knows it well enough, and yet will not keep away. The sole place to supple him is the buttery, where he takes grievous

use upon your name, and he is one much wrought with good Beer and Rhetorick. He is a man of most unfortunate voyages, and no gallant walks the streets to less purpose.

A stay'd M A N

IS a Man: One that has taken order with himself, and sets a rule to those lawlesnesses within him; whose life is distinct and in method, and his actions as it were cast up before: Not loosed into the world's vanities, but gathered up and contracted in his station: Not scattered into many pieces of businesses, but that one course he takes, goes through with. A man firm and standing in his purposes, not heav'd off with each wind and passion: That squares his expence to his coffers, and makes the total first, and then the items. One that thinks what he does, and does what he says, and foresees what he may do before he purposes. One who, If I can, is more than another's assurance; and his doubtful tale before some men's protestations: That is confident of nothing in futurity, yet his conjectures oft true prophecies: That makes a pause still betwixt his ear and belief, and is not too hasty to say after others. One whose tongue is strung up like a clock 'till the time, and then strikes, and says much when talks little: That can see the truth betwixt two wranglers, and sees them agree even in that they fall out upon: That speaks no rebellion in a bravery, or talks big from the spirit of sack. A man cool and temperate in his passions, not easily betray'd by his choler:

choler : That vies not oath with oath, nor heat with heat, but replies calmly to an angry man, and is too hard for him too : That can come fairly off from Captains companies, and neither drink nor quarrel. One whom no ill hunting sends home discontented, and makes him swear at his dogs and family. One not hasty to pursue the new fashion, nor yet affectedly true to his old round breeches ; but gravely handsome, and to his place, which suits him better than his Taylor ; active in the world without disquiet, and careful without misery ; yet neither ingulfed in his pleasures, nor a seeker of business, but has his hour for both. A man that seldom laughs violently, but his mirth is a cheerful look : Of a compos'd and settled countenance, not set, nor much alterable with sadness or joy. He affects nothing so wholly, that he must be a miserable man when he loses it ; but fore-thinks what will come hereafter, and spares fortune his thanks and curses. One that loves his credit, not this word Reputation ; yet can save both without a duel : Whose entertainments to greater men are respectful, not complementary ; and to his friends plain, not rude. A good husband, father, master ; that is, without doating, pampering, familiarity. A man well poised in all humours, in whom nature shewed most Geometry, and he has not spoiled the work. A man of more wisdom than wittiness, and brain than fancy ; and abler to any thing than to make Verses.

A suspicious or jealous M A N

IS one that watches himself a mischief, and keeps a lear Eye still, for fear it should escape him. A man that sees a great deal more in every thing than is to be seen, and yet he thinks he sees nothing : His own eye stands in his light. He is a Fellow commonly guilty of some weakneses, which he might conceal if he were careless : Now his over-diligence to hide them makes men pry the more. Howsoever he imagines you have found him, and it shall go hard but you must abuse him whether you will or no. Not a word can be spoke, but nips him somewhere ; not a jest thrown out, but he will make it hit him. You shall have him go fretting out of company, with some twenty quarrels to every man, stung and galled, and no man knows less the occasion than they that have given it. To laugh before him is a dangerous matter, for it cannot be at any thing but at him, and to whisper in his company plain conspiracy. He bids you speak out, and he will answer you, when you thought not of him. He expostulates with you in passion, why you should abuse him, and explains to your ignorance wherein, and gives you very good reason at last to laugh at him hereafter. He is one still accusing others when they are not guilty, and defending himself when he is not accused : And no man is undone more with apologies, wherein he is so elaborately excessive, that none will believe him ; and he is never thought worse of, than when he has given satisfaction. Such men can never have friends, because they cannot trust

trust so far; and this humour hath this Infection with it, it makes all men to them suspicious. In conclusion, they are men always in offence and vexation with themselves and their neighbours, wronging others in thinking they would wrong them, and themselves most of all in thinking they deserve it.

A wanton W O M A N.

THAT which we call Gallantry, is a fond relish of the world, and of its pleasures in general; and this spirit is born with the Female Sex. Their natural temper contributes much to foppery; but their education confirms it, and so renders the folly entire. Civility indeed polishes it, and this is the best mistress bestowed upon it. By I know not what unhappy fate, the very care that Art takes of that sex's perfections destroys it: So soon as a girl learns to speak, she is taught pretty things, but few that are useful. Her first steps are directed for Dancing, and to avoid the trouble and labour of making her a vertuous person, her friends are contented to make her a fine woman; she is only taught the art of pleasing, but not of living well.

People wonder now-a-days at the loose behaviour and wantonness of Women; for my part, I wonder as much at them; for what can they expect of persons thus educated? Their natural dispositions incline them to a soft and easy life, and to agreeable things: their beauty creates self-love; and instead of destroying this effeminate tendency, they are supply'd with
divers

divers modish vices, that strengthen the ill habit, and make 'em only take the more delight in it.

A young Woman knows her religion only by her catechism, the sciences only by name, and vertue only in idea. She understands musick to a nicety, but knows nothing of the real and good intentions of it. She plays at all sorts of games, and reads no other books but what are fitter to corrupt than instruct her. And what will be the consequence of this first mismanagement? an aversion to all that is good, for want of knowing what it is; a dislike of commendable things, for want of understanding them, and a spirit of contempt and envy, produc'd by ignorance, which makes those women, who know nothing, but what she herself is, and is possessed, but with what she knows herself, gives up her whole time to the care of pleasing, and bestows all her praises on her own maxims. These are the consequences of misemploy'd youth, which has receiv'd no other instructions but such as make it still the more in love with itself, and less acquainted with itself. It frames a scheme of perfections suitable to its own proper palate, and the custom of the ages. It is from such models that women take a draught of their conduct and actions; and the result of all this is an unhappy tho' general confusion in their understanding and deportment.

Vanity is so imprinted in the minds of women, that nothing less than a supernatural hand can totally efface it. It is a prudent intention to deprive them of the sense of true knowledge, but an ill effect is all the fruit of that good design; to prevent their falling into
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the pride of the half-learned, they are led into the paths of ignorance, pride, and affectation; and firmly believe, that to understand the world, is in them as great a talent, as the profoundest learning in men; and that their perfections consist in nothing more, than in being skill'd in the ways of pleasing men; and therefore they make it their whole application. A woman reads with no other design, than but to inform herself of others intrigues, and from thence to know better how to manage her own. She dresses herself, and not with an intention to be more charming, but to charm more men; and think it a diminution to their beauty, to make but one conquest, tho' it be never so considerable; and design not to fix themselves inviolably on One, but to gain Many, being much better pleas'd in the croud of their lovers, than with the reality of love.

They study their looks, (many of their charms being but the convulsions of their eyes) and which agrees best with them they prefer; and all this is manag'd with a wonderful art. They frequently add with design to their charms that which nature had refus'd them with justice. Finally, they consult all the pre-external advantages, in order to attract love; and these designs are of so large an extent, that they no sooner find they please one subject, but they are ready to please others also; and every new conquest inflames 'em still with a desire of extending their victories yet farther; and the vanity of their desires continues, tho' the power to please has been long since extinguish'd.

The

The employment of a vain Woman is very singular ; she is idle, though perpetually in action : from morning till night their thoughts are on what they love ; they speak to all they meet, tho' they have nothing to say to 'em. The exterior of acquaintance is all they aim at ; and affect familiarity, to be thought worthy of friendship. As they chatter only to prevent the censure of stupidity, so the lapdog, monkey, and squirrel, are as copious subjects of their wit and railery, as any of the neighbours, as frequent objects of their tenderest caresses, their most endearing language, and their most solid satisfaction. Their ignorance necessitates 'em to this ridiculous diversion ; for as they admire nothing but themselves, so virtuous conversation would put 'em out of countenance, and a serious reflection make 'em distracted.

But, alas ! their conduct rests not here, in time that continual idleness grows tedious ; yet being unwilling to shake it quite off, and in the room of it take some profitable employment unknown to them, they indulge themselves in irregular desires, and this leads them to base and dangerous attempts. The affections of their hearts being the rule they go by, they employ their whole minds in the satisfaction they procure to themselves ; and shutting their ears to the voice of duty and reason, they study but to please their predominant passions, and to render their minds the instruments of the disorders of their hearts : for as they have an equal share of natural parts with the men, (only with this difference, that they are not so rightly applied) the witty wanton pleases more, deceives much better, and is not one grain the more improv'd by it ; for wit is the
most

most dangerous weapon when ill applied, and taken off of good and worthy subjects, to exercise such vicious uses as perverts it. Yet this is what most women do ; a quick apprehension serves but to render them more inconstant : Solidity makes them more crafty ; penetration makes them more satyrical, and all those defects make them more proud, and fitter objects of our scorn and contempt, which is the only just reward of their imaginary merits. They are commonly valued proportionable to the duration of their affections, that is, for a moment. Their beauties surprise us, their wit engages us, and their defects drive us away again. A thousand pleasing toys draw men to them, and as many reasons make them to be avoided by 'em ; voluptuousness intices men on again, and wisdom persuades him to make no stay with them, and to make men to entertain them more thro' flattery than real application.

A wanton or loose woman runs herself into all sorts of extreams ; prodigality accompanies all her expences, and covetousness attends all her frugality ; for virtue having no share in her conduct, she can never entertain a just medium in any thing. If she loves, tho' but for a minute, it borders upon fury. If she hates, it will last longer, I confess, but, sooner or later, always terminates in revenge. If she wishes, it is with insatiable desires. If she fears, her apprehensions are without bounds. Yet, notwithstanding this prodigious heap of dreadful qualities, she is pleasing ; and her air, her ways, her beauty, &c. seduce men, and enslave them to their false merits. But in requital, a woman frequently pays severely for those impositions, and the love she inspires ; for it being wholly
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grounded on interest, as its cause, commonly it happens, that the fruit of such commerce is the mine of the man's fortune sometimes, but always of the woman's reputation; and as she has not render'd the man really happy, neither has he increas'd much her riches, and being both disgusted of their familiarity, they share betwixt them sorrow and regret, which are the usual results of a wild illegitimate passion. Seriously, if those light women did but once examine their conduct with some grains of reason, they would not complain of any misfortune that happen'd to them, but employ themselves to correct those defects; and tho' their natural tendency, their ill education, and their bad habits, must render the change of their manners very difficult; yet by degrees however they would attain to a true relish of good things. Religion and honour would no longer prove defective; the satisfaction of being esteem'd and rightly valued would succeed in the place of pleasing; for virtue is honoured where-ever it is found, whether preserv'd by wisdom, or restor'd by reason, and with justice they would obtain that respect, value, and esteem, which is refus'd them on any other terms, while they are thus advis'd. Let modesty instruct them also, if they are willing to embrace her dictates.

The modest W O M A N.

TH E R E are duties of honour, as well as religion, and it is in those that modesty gives us the best lessons; it requires that all the actions of women be accompany'd with decency; that they be born bashful, live with circumspection,

cumspection, and die with wisdom ; that their youthful days be adorn'd with innocence, their riper years be endow'd with purity, and that their whole conduct conclude with an happy and laudable simplicity.

Modesty is not morose ; that which it prescribes is just and natural ; it requires but regularity and perfection, and whoever rejects her, abandons honour and virtue. When a woman, whose heart is affected with worldly pleasures, abandons the rules that modesty prescribes, wherein honour rests secure, she is soon made sensible of the dangers wherein her negligence has led her ; and her best course is, to hasten her return into the forsaken path that her natural constitution inclined her to leave.

There are some inclinations so excellent, as to put us on our duties without reluctance ; but such a natural propensity is very rare, and there are but very few minds endowed with so happy a temper, without information, and that walk in the paths of virtue, without any other guide than their own reason.

It is only to those women, to whom natural weakness, tendency, and opportunity, appear invincible obstacles, that modesty gives rules. It requires, that an habitual and modest external behaviour suppress those unruly motions of the mind, that are bred by self-love, that an evil example may touch, but not move. That beauty adorn without flattery ; that joy never appear without a restraint, and that it be more easy to be instructed than pleas'd. For a woman, that makes her duty her study, has less regard to her own worth, than to the means of becoming worthier ; and as she is possess'd with a desire to learning, she is not contented with

the bare idea of knowing ; she is more apt to judge herself guilty of an error, than praiseworthy for any good action. This is that happy application, that is produced by fear and desire, unto which a woman should give herself entirely up ; then would that tendency she still retains for vainer things soon vanish, when she begins to taste the sweets of good ; for the chief difficulty of perfection, proceeds from a certain tiresomeness we find in persevering in good manners. To cure the disorders of the mind, there is required a regular, wise, and modest conduct, that never varies ; it is very difficult for a vicious mind to justify its character against a virtuous regularity, and a spontaneous reservedness. His perseverance in good actions, that modesty imposes laws. As the firmness of a good resolution makes a man's merit, the continuance of a discreet conduct makes the praise of a woman's ; for it is as difficult for a woman never to step out of the way of her duty, either through her own temper, or through some tempting occasion, as it is difficult for a man never to alter his opinion, either through passion or necessity ; but the way to attain to that noble constancy is by modesty, which renders it profitable, when it restrains the too great freedom that youth usurps, the great familiarity of pleasant illecebations, the great continual frequentation of balls and feasts ; and for a more particular difference of her will, when she denies herself all that does oppose a noble regularity, such a one as requires a woman not to lend an ear to doubtful expressions, to ambiguous ways of speaking on certain matters of gallantry, nor to discourse with certain sorts of persons. No looks beyond their limits ; regard must be had to time and place,

place, to give a loose to ones eyes; no loud or sudden laughter must break forth, and the subject that tempts it must be common in its effects; no loose and easy posture, tho' conveniency may invite them to it; no new ways of dresses; no matches of diversion in masquerade; no friends, but such as are wise; no enemies but the wicked. Finally, no eyes for her own virtues, nor ears, nor tongue for her own praises. This is the right way to begin a glorious life, and to continue it without censure, and I may say too without envy, but not without satisfaction and pleasure.

But the greatest part of women want these means; and the courses they commonly take, are neither such as honour dictates, or modesty requires. These being opposite to vanity and voluptuousness, a woman rather chuses to abate of her modesty, than to retrench any thing of her self-love. That is the cause she lays not aside so many circumstances of ceremonies, so many niceties, which are condemn'd by modesty; as conferences with single men, a nice examination of mens external parts, the preeminence in assemblies, the accounts given of her own inclinations, her diligent examination of others humours, her facility in blaming, her difficulty to approve, and the liberty she takes to impose, order, and command people in places, and on such things which have not been committed to her care. If a woman was but an exact performer of her incumbent duties, she would not be so apt to set herself forth in publick, nor be so peevish at home; modesty would incline her to embrace retiredness; she would be sensible of the contentments that solitude and privacy affords, and would dread the troubles
and

and inconveniencies that tumults and confusions bring along with them. It is in such hurry, that we are apt to slip into irregularities; great companies distract us even to forgetfulness, and the severest restraint destroys itself by frequent meetings, and when a woman is accustom'd to the sight of new faces; for women love to be flattered, which is most used by those that have the least acquaintance with them. The want of knowing their imperfections is the reason that they are more readily prais'd; but this incense, so pleasing to their self-love, causes them to be slighted in divers respects, and there commonly are to the flattering approbation of one single person, an hundred defects that are obvious to all the world besides.

When once a woman is so far infatuated with self-love, as to shake hands with her modesty, she becomes the most dangerous and ungovernable monster that is; her pride puts every action, every word, nay, every incident and circumstance, how minute soever, into false lights; every uncommon civility she looks upon as adoration, and the most notorious flattery for truth. She is violent in all she says or does; her esteem is but short, her hatred implacable: A dubious answer she thinks contumely; a cold salute, an unpardonable affront: Nothing can be right, but what bears the stamp of her approbation; no person well bred, but what pay their homage to her. To offer to take the upper-hand of her, is a mortal sin; her arrogant looks brow-beat her equals; and her haughty carriage spurns her inferiors. Those whom a distinguish'd rank place above her, she shuns more than the plague; and even her pride makes her glorious amends, for she believes her accom-

accomplishments merit that grandeur which the others possess; nor will she allow it them, but as conferr'd upon 'em, not only unreasonably, but even by a meer mistake too. Whatever obligation she receives, she takes it as a debt paid, not a favour conferr'd, because her pride will not let her own she stood in need of any body. She forgets her duties towards her neighbours, and her pride conceals from her those obligations she has to others; so that attributing to herself through an ill grounded opinion of her own worth, those honours and respects that she deserves not, she has no regard for any thing but herself, and neglects all those duties which modesty directs her to perform towards others. You'll frequently see her fail in the common civilities used at meetings, in the converſing part, and at the taking leave; not regarding that the infractions of the laws of civility frequently turn to the destruction of charity, and that there is but very little distance betwixt dissatisfaction and hatred. Therefore a rational woman is of an accomplish'd exactness in the meanest duties that modesty and civility requires in relation to others; and bidding adieu to scppery, she wholly applies herself so to order her conduct, as that it may be blameless as well in the meanest as in the greatest things.

A pretended godly WOMAN.

A FALSE devotion is the most dangerous of all crimes, and the most common of all defects; sometimes men use it for reasons of state and interest, but women commonly
on

on the account of pride and self-love. A false piety has divers motives that engage women on its part; it is easy, fortunate, and very successful. There is frequently no occasion to change maxims, to step from a most licentious life, to that which may appear the most retired; it is but shifting our habits, and then all those things that were denied to our pleasures before, become suitable to our desires. Experience sets this so frequently before our eyes, that we cannot wonder at the good fortune of a great number of bigots of this age. A woman born with good inclinations, educated in good principles, that would live in the freedom of agreeable societies, and yet retain the Character of wife, needs but one thing to compare both at once. Hypocrisy will soon find her out a way to reconcile God and the World together, and to gratify her self-love, without scandal to her devotion. The world is in a strange mistake on the account of religion: The learned consider it in its most sacred mysteries: The vulgar in those outward shews that it imposes on 'em; and women in certain practices, which they propose to themselves as laws, by which they regulate the perfection of their state. The learned understand religion, the vulgar believe it, and women spoil it: For the first seek it, the second follow it, and the last counterfeit it.

These women busy themselves to pick out a parcel of maxims suitable to their own inclinations, on which choice they frame a scheme of their own; and the great love they bear to those selected virtues, causes them to neglect all the others. It is no matter amongst them, whether such or such a lady is really charitable, so she but appears to be a lady of Charity.

The

The bare outside of religion is sufficient for them; no matter though the inside be quite opposite to their practices.

They value not much to omit duties of obligations, provided the other duties they prefer to these, be not very guilty in themselves, and that there be but as much room left as will contain their excuses, or others praises of them. For it is the property of false devotion, to imbrue the mind with pride, and make it pretend to humility, while it is drown'd in ostentation; to undervalue and despise such things as are considerable inconsiderable in themselves, and prize inconsiderable things, as if they were of great moment. This is the secret the devil makes use with women; he makes them behold with indifferency the precepts of religion, while they are wholly taken up with bare scriptural advices, and that they employ all their care night and day to practise them. They will be very diligent to correct themselves of some small defects, and negligent in matters highly criminal: They need not fear to feel the pressure of sin, while they are ignorant of the light of grace; nor be concern'd that they apply themselves to such trivial things as suit best their characters, while they neglect those great mysteries so necessary to their salvation.

Mean time, under the useful veil of an holy appearance, they remain safe, and repair in the minds of people the ill impressions that any disorder may have made, only by changing the exterior, and adding hypocrisy to the rest of their errors. By the last evil all the former are blotted out, and by a regular outside they endeavour to persuade that the inward is pure and innocent. What a strange error it is, to judge

of a person's conduct by a seeming devotion ! Those that justify a bigot, are more apt to be deceiv'd, than those that condemn a libertine.

A mere profession is no good caution of honour and virtue. Those that are most enlightened, are the less deceiv'd by those outward grimaces, because they most distrust them ; and all hypocrites are suspected amongst rational men. The simple are deceiv'd by the hypocrites, but the hypocrites are detected by the wise, who do not easily pass by those three characters which hypocrisy imposes on them, so directly opposite to the love we owe to God, and to our neighbour, namely, Pride, Cruelty, and Dissimulation.

'Thro' the instigations of pride, they assume an authority over all others that are not of their kidney, and some of them too are not exempt from their insults ; especially, if they are not equal at least to 'em in the respect of the congregations and the glories of an exterior sanctity. They usurp a right of censuring all the world, and make 'em fall short of their own devotion, only to have a larger scope of backbiting. She robs her family to fatten the sanctify'd station, and cuckolds her husband in the fear of the Lord. Five o'clock prayers are her delight, and an evening lecture the happy consummation of a day well spent. She is constant at church, but 'tis to be seen there ; and bitterly inveighs against the impious laziness of the ungodly wretches that don't come thither.

'Tho' the outside appears so demure, yet were the soul to be seen, Hell was mine A—— to it. However, God be praised, their actions give us to understand, that it is a mercy not to see a thing so frightful. Speak against her teachers,
and

and she foams at the mouth ; pious furies dance in her eyes, and two and twenty legions at least swell her breast ; damnation is your lot to be sure ; and if it were not for the law, she would have the lechery of murdering you herself : for nothing is more cruel than irritated bigot.

As for dissimulation, 'tis the basis of their religion ; the formal cant and turning up of the eyes, the frequent sighs and sobbs, the artificial hum's and ha's, the evegetical motions of the handkerchief and mouth, are but the superstructure and decorations of the hypocritical temple : by all these study'd arts they impose upon the unthinking mob, and exact, nay, sometimes too, obtain freely a reputation and character that is by no means in the world their due.

As one of the charms of greatness and of riches, is that respect and deference which they impose ; so one of the afflictions of misery, is the contempt it draws upon itself. Indigency and poverty blot out of weak minds the advantage of a good birth, the splendor of merit, and the beauty of virtue. But if injustice raises fortune to so high a pitch, more equitable truth always leaves it in the lowest rank ; and that truth which seems to enlighten the bigots, is trod under foot by their own cruelty. There is no barbarous usage which they do not inflict on those whom God has visited with poverty ; hunger, thirst, and nakedness, are the meanest afflictions that proceed from their cares ; backbiting, slander, contempt, and abuse, are the consequences of the zeal they pretend to have for their neighbour.

When they are employ'd in the relief of families, and that a pastor's goodness, who would

not have any of his flock to suffer, employs them in the exercise of the duties of charity, they act very barbarously and basely; he relies on those pretended zealous souls, whose exterior practices are exemplary, and who shew in publick the duties which they owe God, but that little trouble themselves in private about those due to their neighbour. It is according to the tendency of their hearts that those miseries live or die that are committed to their care. When they have some good inclination towards any body, and that the humble submissions of a sufferer has done homage to their pride, then they will bestow on him all that is necessary to allay his sufferings, but not to end them; they are willing to mollify his sorrow, to set forth their own goodness, and to take off only the excess of the grief, to gain praises, and to preserve their tyrannical power.

As their present exercise of charity makes divers miserable wretches great sufferers, it may also make them to suffer in their turn at the great day. And if pride is the greatest crime before God, where will not that hypocrisy bring them, since it contains that pride which offends neighbourly love, and renders it guilty of the breach of the law in both its precepts? I must confess, that a bigot woman is so guilty, and has so many defects, that I must not pretend to give a just account of them all: I treat but of those annex'd to the professed. The hatred they have for all women that are not dress'd after the hypocritical mode, is so great, that they cannot indure them, altho' they lead a life exempted from all blame. They fancy it is an horrid crime to be adorn'd with such ornaments as birth and estate allows of, as if

it was necessary that those who are devoted to God, should begin their reformation by putting on of sack-cloth, which frequently serves but to cover a greater number of sins, without the discovery of one virtue. Let the deceits of a linsy-woolsey modesty multiply in the world, it will still be certain that the large sleeves conceal more the hands than the covetousness of the wearers; and that it is not the bigots dress that makes virtuous women. Mean time, under that habit they are apt to condemn others confidently, while they sin unpunish'd; they then raise themselves above all censure, and whoever speaks truth on this subject, runs the hazard of having lies raised on himself; for a false piety cannot suffer to be blam'd, tho' never so justly, without returning a slander for it; and the ordinary consequences of a bigot's anger, is, to ruin those that have blamed her, though rightly. The most excellent wisdom, even truth itself, Christ, did condemn the affectation or singularity of apparel, when he blam'd the Pharisees in long robes and peculiar fringes. He regarded not their accusation of the adulteress woman; he condemn'd them when they offer'd to condemn others. This was a lesson of providence, to inform such as have authority to protect those that are forsaken, and to correct those who accuse others, while they themselves are guilty.

There are such nice and dangerous circumstances of sin in hypocrisy, that the guilty frequently remain ignorant of the misery of their own condition. A woman of the character I am now setting forth, owns no other neighbour but those of her own profession; whatever they say or do, is positive in all respects; and a
bigot

bigot would make it a scruple of conscience, to doubt of a slander that is hatch'd by one of her own tribe. By the means of this error, she despises all those that have been accused, and under the pretence of reproving their errors, she publishes them every where: for slander is no crime amongst the bigots; if they but fancy they say the truth, they think they don't offend God; but piety speaks a language very different from those maxims; and the true way to be a sincere and real devout woman, is by consulting of it.

In short, to sum up the character of a female bigot, she is a cursed composition of evil qualities; her hypocrisy justifies her pride, and her pride supports her hypocrisy; the formal zeal of her lips countenances the scandal of 'em; and she thinks that if she goes duly to church, she may raise lies upon all mankind. To turn up her tail to the godly, is charity and brotherly love; to speak well of another sect, is profane; to have civil commerce with 'em, is abomination, unless there appear some hopes of bringing over to the Lord. Hypocrisy has nothing good in it, but that peradventure the zealous, exterior, and the feign'd devotion, gives some of the weaker people a real inclination to piety and goodness; in every other particular it is worse than atheism; for one only affronts God by denying him, whereas the other confesses him, and impiously laughs at him to his very face in every act of devotion.

The

The religious W O M A N.

FAITH is the mother of piety ; whoever gives himself to God, and makes profession thereof, ought to understand well his religion, to delight in the duties thereof, and perfectly perform them. His first care is to inform himself, and to guide the course of his life by the faith of his knowledge, that he may not know the law as libertines do, nor practice his obedience to it as bigots.

But when faith has once succeeded the care of his instruction ; that he is sure of having found out the way, the truth, and the life ; that he feels that admirable peace which truth spreads in his soul ; that his heart, filled with charity, entertains no more thoughts, but such as lead to the joys of eternity ; his understanding is convinc'd, his soul is fill'd with holiness, and the practice of virtue becomes easy, when the mind is certain of what it ought to know, and the fruit of that knowledge becomes the zeal of the will. Then is seen that Mary-like pressing desire to find out Christ, that love of the Magdalen's to follow him, and that care of the Martha's to serve him. Neither the word of the Angel, nor the opposition of the Pharisees, nor the preference of Magdalen, can stop them. Desire, courage, and power to perform, follow faith close at the heels ; hope and charity animates them ; they run transported by their earnest desires, but all this in the way of truth, following Christ without ceasing and rest ; continually busying themselves in the Lord's vineyard, and never draining the power of their will,

will, tho' they weaken the strength of their bodies. This is the rule of a soul that truly seeks after God, a burning desire of performing all things for the love of him, such an impression of his divinity that continually humbles us, and that shelters us from the pride of the devil, which is so dangerous to innocent souls. An inexpressible resolution, which makes us to overcome all obstacles which we meet in the way, trac'd out by Jesus Christ, in which we must go without intermission or looking back, if we would be perfect. None can follow Christ by intervals; it is a course without interruption, which the will must perform; the least rest distances us from it, and frequently neglect makes us to lose the sight of it, and so straggle out of the way as never to retrieve it again; it is our faithful and diligent following of him, which is the most essential article of true piety.

How many souls seek after Christ, that find him, and afterwards leave, and fly from him? The fervency of devotion gives them impetuous motions, which natural weakness, occasion, and tendency, stops in the midst of their course; and frequently that great zeal which our constitution animates, yields to the meanest trifle which offends the predominant passion.

We ought not to give the conduct of the other virtues to that which we value most, but to that virtue that is most necessary, which is that that curbs most our will, and which makes us the closer to follow Christ. Love cannot move with heavy feet; when the heart freely gives itself up, we fly; when love calls upon us, the spirit of charity pushes us on, and the holy transport of a soul that loves God, causes it

it to follow the precepts and the counsels of Christ so exactly, that its conduct appears as a gospel, wherein one sees writ down the lessons of a crucified God. I confess, that the scarcity of those apostolical persons which filled the first ages, would give cause to doubt whether there have been any such in ours? If the perfection of those that give us examples, did not atone for the small number, and did not persuade us, by the excellency of so wonderful a state, of the comforts which grace communicates in this laborious way of penitence, to serve and follow Christ; for the same will which makes us to follow him every where, makes us to serve him in all things; it suffices not to love him in contemplation; we must worship him in submission also. We must serve him with a faithfulness proportionable to our condition, for the law is not kept by mere speculation; that charity which God requires of us, must be active; and faith, that divine virtue, which makes us to adore him, is not contented with the bare submission of our knowledge, but requires also the works of an active charity, and that the heart be assisted by the hands. Wherefore there is no rest to a christian soul; its work is to begin with its reason, and end but with its life; and all its perfection consists, to begin it with chearfulness, to continue it with courage, and to end it with love. When that love, which is the foundation of the law, has once penetrated the heart of man, all the severities of penance, all rigours appear pleasing to his desires, all his obligations towards God are filled with an unlimited fervency; his zeal omits nothing that might contribute to the glory of God; and his neighbour, through

an effusion of the same charity, is sought after with care where-ever he suffers, is assisted with diligence in any thing that he wants, and is comforted with mildness, according to his condition. The same zeal which raises him towards God through love, that unites him to his neighbour by charity, humbles him also, and shews him that nothing and that sin which are truly his own, and proper to him. In reflecting on his own miseries, he conceives the vast distance he is at from the excellencies of the divinity, and strengthens his faith, which causes him to adore that immensity which he admires; he examines what is that non-entity whereof he consists, and that reflection leads him to a contempt of himself, and to the love he owes to his God. This is the true situation of a christian soul that professes piety; there is no thoughts left of outward appearances, when one publicly declares to be a child of the eternal joys; for this there is required a circumcision of the will, and that interest and self-love being for ever destroyed by the power of our love towards God, they may no longer be capable to stay us in the way of virtue; we must be, as St. Paul says, 'Stronger than the gates of hell, through the power of charity.'

Let every one examine himself on this model of piety, and judging himself with severity, confess his sins towards God, and faults towards men; and let this sincere acknowledgment create in him the strongest sense of abnegation that we are capable of feeling; without which we can never seek after, follow, nor serve Christ, as he requires, and as we ought to do.

The

The witty WOMAN.

WIT in Woman is like metal in a blind horse ; it serves only to hazard their shins. The vanity of shewing it, exposes 'em to all company ; and it often happens, that in a numerous acquaintance, where they strive to establish an empire, and make shipwreck of their reputation, and sometimes of their virtue. The violentest passion imaginable has not so much effect upon a lovely woman, as a little well-managed flattery and incense has upon one that values herself upon a pert humour and a volubility of language. But, in a word, a woman that pretends to wit, is insufferable in society ; because it is very rare to meet with any of that character, but such as are insupportably vain and arrogant ; of which I am going to give you an account.

The greatest wanton is less charm'd with her own beauty, than the least witty is conceited with her own genius. She has an universal contempt for all creatures ; she in a manner confounds man with beasts, if she finds his reason not accompanied with wit ; and she lives at a great distance from common sense, through that pride into which she is puffed up by her pretended fine wit, which makes her to become as insufferable to others, as others appear to her. A woman that is thus blinded, is so far from truth, that it is no wonder the most prudent avoid her, and the less fearful dread her ; for she is capable of nothing but to give false colours to lies, and to commit evil with the more cunning ; of which this is the reason ; a

woman runs superficially over the sciences, but never dives into them: she naturally receives eloquence, and puts it in use without the rules requisite for it; she cleaves to those authors that speak most her own sense, without giving herself the trouble to pick out those that are most useful for her. She studies words only, for she believes that it is the term that does all. No condition can please her without politeness, because wisdom and truth are banish'd from her study, which she wholly applies to the most receiv'd and nice expressions; and if she does but observe such an exactness in speech, as exempts her from trespassing against the rules of a correct discourse, she troubles herself no farther, and cares not whether she thinks as others do, provided another speaks not so finely as she. The desire she has to appear learned, is the chiefest obstacle to hinder her from being so; for there is required a great proportion of concealed time and labour to attain to an approv'd merit; and women are more inclin'd to lose their time at ease, than to employ either time or labour to acquire virtue. That is the reason their best and chiefest talent consists in conversation; it is at such a time that their earnest desire to appear something more than ordinary breaks forth, and that they spread in others minds some defect of their own; for in one afternoon's space they make a whole course of wit; they pass from doctrine to manners, from use to opinion, from seriousness to airiness; and in two hours time they treat of all the interests of Europe, tho' they know not the least of them; they drain matter dry, without so much as touching them; they offend reason, in but attempting to reason; they have such a series of thoughts as
furnishes

furnishes them with sufficiency of words to fill up the chasms of time, and are very well pleased to spend a world of expressions on things that they utter strangers to.

They use causes, that a politeness of language conceals part of their ignorance; and that an adulator pleases and prepossesses them with his dawbing, which with them passes for a just homage. The flatterer is not distinguish'd from the sincere amongst them; they rely on a dangerous approbation, not consulting science which might enlighten them: those false glimmerings that dazzle them, give so fair a light, that self-love takes care to preserve it, to set forth itself by it. And thus they fancy themselves raised up to a pitch of knowledge, of which they scarce preserve the bare name in their memory.

This is the custom of your witty women; they have a vast idea of wit in their imagination, but no knowledge, no rule, nor understanding; a bare idea only, that is, a vast extent, which comprehends all great things; a great space within themselves, where they fancy to behold an assembly of all the various accomplishments of the mind.

When a prudent man consults truth, and believes he has found it, he fixes and terminates there; he no longer strays from that point; he is doubtful of all things else, and is not certain of any thing, but in relation to that which has fix'd him, and unto which he believes truth to be annex'd; and that is what renders him just in the consequences, provided he has not been deceiv'd in his first choice; for he deviates not from his first principle; he is still the same; an uniform sense guides him all respects.

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He is presently sensible that the fruits of his labour is a light without shadow, which exempts him from all the spots and blemishes of error. But the same reason that strengthens so good a genius, does also fortify a bad one.

Stability is the consequence of an acceptable opinion: and women, who determinate their thoughts with much more ease than men, are also more apt to prevaricate from truth; they espouse a party without consulting their reason, and they have no sooner follow'd their own byass, but it becomes their whole light, and perpetuates them in that error of choice; they err through quickness of apprehension, which makes them to resolve before they have thought. And this first error, into which ignorance has led them, is the first cause of all those strayings of reason and common sense, which they have on all things, which renders them insufferable; for they have not the power to correct themselves; their knowledge being seduc'd through opinion, will not yield to friendly cares, to the advices of good authors, nor even to the first tinctures they have to change. The habit of opinion is more powerful than all the passions together; there is requir'd a supernatural power to reduce to truth a mind that is spoil'd by false principles that please it. A woman whose mind is not right, changes the objects of nature and of place; truth must stand awry, that she may see her aright; for she perceives nothing but through such shadows as deceive her, and that causes her to deceive others, because she insinuates these false lights, and makes use of the most lively colours, to make them appear to others as right as she herself fancies them.

Men are exempted from that dangerous sand ; but women, whose blindness causes them to seek after light, grow the more blind the more they go about to enlighten themselves, and fall into the inconveniency of the witty, which is to admire while they deceive themselves. Their confused knowledge, the aptness they have to aspire to elevated things, and the desire to appear capable, are the causes of their ignorance ; and it produces such obstacles as render science much more necessary and convenient to them.

The prudent W O M A N.

WIT is of both Sexes. The soul is a spiritual Being, capable to perform its operations in women as well as men ; and tho' men are design'd for laborious employs, and such as require knowledge and application ; women, whom custom has justly excluded from those employs, (their tender and soft tempers not enabling them to bear the burden thereof) are not to be excluded from the labouring after knowledge, because it is very necessary to all ; and if it prejudices any, it is such as would be much more injur'd by ignorance, than by the lights of knowledge. As one that is half wise, values himself upon that little he knows, so an ignorant coxcomb is puffed up with nothing at all, and would think himself an angel, should he know never so little. All that he learns, contributes much more to his pride than to his perfection. Wherefore the first step of an ingenious person, is to be sensible he knows nothing,

nothing, and to have a desire to know much, before he knows any thing at all.

As there is nothing more desirous than knowledge, so the difficulties of attaining to any degree of perfection in it, require a great deal of time, and an assiduous application. This disgusts the lazy, and makes 'em content themselves with being not quite fools ; and since a superficial acquaintance may be had with the sciences at a much easier rate, they beg your pardon for long watchings, and tedious turning over of voluminous authors ; and if they attain to some small smattering in letters, they are vainer by half than a considerable proficient in learning and knowledge. This pitiful sample of understanding having had no solid basis, never proceeds very far ; and if pride and self-love did not cherish and nourish it, we could not but blush at our pretended scholarship, which in effect is nothing more than a well-varnish'd ignorance. Many men, through want of a just relish of learning, are mighty inquisitive after curiosities ; and these feeble fantastical genius's never arrive to any perfection ; they are pleased with the good phantom of knowledge, and think every little out-of-the-way thing that they stumble upon, is an arcanum of nature ; for it is rare if ever these sorts of capacities have their eyes opened ; and so their vain error roots itself into 'em, and attends 'em to their grave. The great advantage of knowledge, is, to correct all the abuses of our misguided education, and, if possible, to establish the soul and reason in their proper empires. He that has pry'd the most narrowly into himself, has only the consolation of discovering

vering how ignorant he was even when he thought he knew considerably. Real knowledge makes us humble, but a smattering of learning only feeds our pride, vanity, and self-conceit.

Certainly, he who neglects knowledge, is very near quitting his reason; and from a disgust of the just rules of philosophy, it is not far to the loss of common sense; for how can a person be counted judicious that possesses nothing but those vapours of a quick apprehension, which a boiling hot blood produces on certain occasions, where the disposition of the organs, join'd to the passion which then animates him, makes him accidentally light on some good notions, and express them rightly; whoever should judge of any person on so bare a trial, would think him learned, while he only possessed the means of being so! No; tho' we have never so good natural parts, they require the master-strokes of sciences, to render them accomplish'd; and with what fine wit soever nature has endow'd a man, it is never naturally what it would be when assisted with the advantages of learning. It happens also sometimes, that an understanding person, that has but an indifferent genius, is capable of destroying it without redemption, for want of certain rules; for the natural actions of the mind may as soon slip by a truth, as find it; it is mere chance; that is the reason that women, who are most capable through their acuteness to raise themselves unto the most sublime things, and more liable thro' change to abandon truth after they have attained to it, have more need of a regular knowledge than all others, to frame their minds into order; and to fix them firm with assurance,

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we ought to seek after the most approv'd method of study, and stick to its rules to guide our knowledge ; and when by such matters as are generally approv'd, we have inform'd ourselves of all things, we must not yet fancy we know enough. It is for want of a perfect understanding that we make halts in the way of truth. Scarce does a man's life suffice to know that which a child should not be ignorant of ; we grow weary instead of taking courage ; vanity fires us, and frequently an approbation makes us so proud, as to neglect to take those pains which would tend to our accomplishments. We make a stop at the first tinctures of learning, and instead of animating ourselves with those desires that an enlightned mind would inspire, we remain in the condition of the half learned, which is only to appear something. However, there are but few of those elevated minds that are above the common level, that fall into such carelessness ; they are raised by a more noble impulse above all vain-glory ; and that which they already know, serves as a spur to make them learn more. You shall find them (though fix'd to the Sentiments of the most eminent authors) instructing themselves with all the others of less esteem, and without being puzzled with the vanity of opinions, confirm themselves in the most just of those which they have made choice, and cause all oppositions to contribute to the glory of truth. To know much, we ought not to value nor consult ourselves ; self-love is an enemy to labour and pain, and opinion to truth : we ought to suspect all things which we either advance of ourselves, or that we are judges of. Not that we should submit ourselves to all sorts of judgments more readily than to

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our own, but our own ought always to make us tremble when it is not directly conformable to the ancients, and to those moderns that are indued with strong and powerful reasons. Wherefore it is observ'd, that your great wits, that aspire to the knowledge of the most abstruse things, consult all things, continually informing themselves, and approve not much their own conceptions. To what degree and pitch soever we have by our industry advanc'd our learning, either as to generals or particulars, or through the sublimity of our genius's, we should seem to have out-strip common knowledge; yet, after all, this would but assure us how vast and immeasurable a quantity of knowledge lay out of sight, as well as out of our reach. A real humility is the most infallible argument of a man's being a knowing man.

We ought to know all things, the better to know, and less to value ourselves, and with a continual application instruct ourselves in the knowledge of God, in whom alone is the true knowledge of all things, and the fulness of eternal wisdom.

The HOUSE-WIFE, or a penurious W O M A N.

TH E R E is nothing so good in its own nature, but what ignorance and pride may distort to its contrary, and of a necessary virtue make a commodious vice. That wonderful discretion so requisite to every married woman, tho' so rarely to be found amongst 'em, I mean a good oeconomy, is the preservation

of a man's honour, without the impairing his temporal affairs; a judicious distinction between penury and profuseness. Hospitality is often the ruin of a man, when a vain or a foolish woman has the conduct of his family. What he intends generously, she lavishes away through want of conduct; and willing to gratify her own ambition, as well as comply with the noble free spirit of her husband, the unhappy man finds his estate sinking, and he reduc'd to an ungrateful necessity of contracting his way of living, which might have been continued, had not a foolish woman had the management of his expence. The misfortune of one extream precipitates them, or rather her, into another, more safe, but hardly more honourable. Now she is as close-fisted, as before she had been liberal; now every body in the family must starve to repair former extravagances. To drink between meals is perfect gluttony; to eat butter with cheese, perfect waste; a crust of bread given away at the door is robbing her husband; sauces with meat is superfluity; and every relation that comes to dine with them, is wish'd choak'd with the first bit he puts in his mouth.

A woman whose heart has not been mov'd by gallantry, nor by vain-glory, ought to fear being overcome by interest; and it's a very difficult task for her to avoid the love of riches, when she despises ambition. The same temper that leads her to live a retir'd life, inclines her to hoard up money; and all the love she expresses towards things that are reasonable at the bottom, is but a sordid love of wealth. A covetous woman, that has acquir'd the title of a good house-wife, is

is wonderful in her vigilance, exactness, and in her understanding. Nothing out-does her cares, nothing surprizes her exactness, and nothing escapes her knowledge. Her desire continually agitates her, and makes her more restless than others, as the continual fear she is in to lose any thing that perpetually disturbs her. She examines all things very strictly; she spends nothing idly, and which causes her to take notice of every thing that is done in her family, and frequently to see even what is not done in it; for on that false opinion that prepossesses her, she frequently fancies things that are not. Her love tires her, her exactness troubles her, and her very best concerted measures deceive her. She taxes herself with sloth, with carelessness, and with blindness, without once thinking on covetousness, which is the only thing that disturbs her, and which puts her on taking a thousand troubles upon her, which terminate in vice. One may be sparing without disturbance; and frequently an over-diligent woman spares more and saves less, then she loses otherwise. How many do we see amongst those that pinch in necessary expences, who by a custom of penury at last bring themselves not to spend any thing at all, and will hazard all in hopes of a great gain? We live no longer in the days of virtue; all things are now carry'd into extremities. If any person is expensive, it is even to prodigality; and if any are sparing, it is through avarice. A woman thus blinded, is the most to be lamented; for she is pass'd all hopes of amendment. Some persons may be sensible of other's errors, but such as are guilty of this indulge themselves. Hardness of heart is inseparable from it; because custom, reason, prudence, and even necessity,

necessity, engage us to good management ; and from good husbandry to avarice there is but one step to make, which is done frequently without consideration. An exact person is as rare to be found under the new, as it was under the ancient law. It is difficult to stand firm when the ground is so slippery. It is to the conquest of this approved vice that I would conduct the women of this age ; I would fain root out of their hearts the spirit of penury, and take away activity of actions, which express so much passion in those cares they take upon themselves. I would not that any unexpected flight should ever surprize them so much as to vex them ; that those small losses, which happen by a thousand accidents, should disturb their rest. It would be a very agreeable thing to see a woman wise and regular. Those that pretend to those qualities, have commonly nothing in them but a craftiness to hoard up, and obstinacy to keep, and a dreadful apprehension to lose. You shall see them employ all their wits in finding out ways to increase their stores, take all the pains imaginable to preserve the means they possess, and fret themselves to death at the thoughts of necessary expences, and of the evil accidents that might happen ; so that the time pass'd is the cause of their regrets ; the present time, that of their vexation ; and the time to come, that of their fears and apprehensions. Thus tormented in heart and in mind, they have no eyes but to behold their own interest ; all they do is in relation to that ; and even their acts of piety are bent intentionally on interest. They hope from their prayers the prosperity of their family ; and this is so true, that when the duties of religion are opposite to their penuriousness,

riousness, they curtail little the first, that they may not take any thing away from the latter. And there is no scruple made, in relation to housewifery, to take care of the main chance, as they call it, before they entertain any thoughts concerning salvation. The calm of an avaritious conscience, is a condition worthy compassion; no trouble awakens it out of that lethargy of interest which women suit with their reason. Sometimes they return God thanks even for that deplorable condition they are in, as if it was a gift of his mercy; returning frequently less thanks for the goods God has bestow'd on them, than for the love that they bear towards those means they have receiv'd. For all the reflection which a woman's charity causes her to make at the sight of a miserable man's condition, is nothing but the resolution of keeping safe what she has, for fear of falling into the like necessity.

A covetous woman seeks every where for some body more covetous than herself, to be her model, and to give to others an example; and the consequence of this, is to fix her mind on avarice, so as to carry it on to the highest degree, and to exercise it above all things in her family; retrenching part of what is necessary, affording no more nourishment than what will serve to make servants languish, but not live; denying to herself all that she might allow to others, without prejudice to the main, and leading a most miserable life, under the specious pretence of house-wifery. A pretence that deceives her in abusing others, and which causes her to act such shameful things, of which she glories in private, practising to herself her industry in the performance of a thousand base things, which saves her some pence, but costs her

her more in reputation and honour than she has of wealth. All reason, and even christianity, are to be laid aside where her interest is concern'd. She forgets the duties of blood, of friendship, and of acknowledgement or gratitude, where there is any prospect of gain; and where profit has a share, she remembers not any thing of duty; but thinks of all that she is worth, and interest alone judges of all her circumstances, and is the rule of her whole conduct. Such an house-wife bids welcome but to such as visit her on the account of her own interest. Birth-right, good-will, and friendship, are always bestow'd on the most lucky of all her children. Her kindness in her family is always for that person that is least chargeable, tho' he may be the worst of all the servants; and her distinction amongst her friends, is always to prefer the most rich, because he cannot be chargeable, and because she hopes for some services from his credit, authority, and favour; the greatness of which she expresses by her obsequious seeking after such persons, and their meanness, and by the forgetting of them, which soon follows. This is the condition of the House-wifery of this age, which stands in need of a rule to be corrected by, which rule immediately follows.

The good HOUSEWIFE.

ORDER is so necessary, that neither kingdoms, commonwealths, republicks, nor even particular families could long subsist without it. It is a rule that preserves our quiet,
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health and wealth. We are not troubled with any uneasiness, when we regulate our time and business, and take our sleep and diet with moderation; Neither is our wealth exhausted, when a judicious rule fixes our expences. That equitable rule permits us not to go beyond our abilities; if we seriously consult it, we keep our substance in good order, and it's rare to die infirm or poor, after we have continually practised it. This is the virtue which reconciles authority and licence, avarice and prodigality; and that, by the bringing together those two opposite ends, makes up a good thing of two bad ones, and hinders the excesses in which those different vices lead each particular person, according to his particular Temper. It is not only necessary to each family, to each person, but also to every action of our lives. We cannot well make a gift, a purchase, or a payment, without this rule, which prescribes to buy things according to their value, to pay justly what we owe, and to give what is properly our own: That a justice suitable to each particular action of ours, sums up the full number of them all, and renders the course of our lives comfortable. For the most perfect satisfaction in this world, is, that which the tranquility of the soul affords us, and that compleat joy cannot subsist where crimes and vices reign; for it is the result of an irregular conduct to hate what is good, and to accustom ourselves to what is evil. Excess is the only thing that pleases a mind not guided by reason; and reason is too great a friend to regularity, to cohabit with vice; it drives vice away, or vice destroys it: It is a combat that lasts but a short while, for the strongest stands to it, and the wisest flies.

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Vice

Vice acts tyrannically, but reason with mildness; and the result of these passionate motions is a regret proceeding either from the guilt or the misfortune. Disorder does not less separate a man from justice and honour, than from virtue; for a mind or an heart that is carried away by the power of its inclinations, which submits its knowledge to the pleasures of its own will, and that rules its actions by the motions of a disorderly principle, does, by this universal confusion, make all its consives partaker of its corruptions, and creates a disorder that confounds the ways of truth with the paths that lead to falsehood, and still adds to its confusion by such reflections as afflict it. A man is no longer capable of a happy return from evil to good, from disquietness to rest; he stands in need of foreign advices to regulate himself by, and tho' he knows them, he is less capable of managing them, than an absolute stranger. The cause of all these disorders, is the forsaking of that rule which limited his duties, and having yielded unto passions that disorder'd his own conduct, and that of his family. This disorder ruins some through plenty, and others through avarice. Men are apt to fall into this first error; they yield themselves up to the pleasures of this world, and without making reflections, they bestow on pleasure all their wealth and fortune. They sometimes find some pleasures also in the outward appearance of an imaginary glory; and tho' it proves chargeable both to their conscience and to their purse, yet they retrench nothing of their retinue, but rather increase their family, as they do their ambition. As to women, whose minds are naturally bent on covetousness, they are very different

ferent from these I have now mention'd. They increase in nothing but vice. Their penuriousness makes them pinch in every thing, and their rule consists in perpetual diminutions, which practice becomes in time customary to them; and in vain does rule admonish them in all their household concerns, in order to reclaim them. Nothing can move them; a neglected sick body, a child ill cloath'd, a servant ill paid, and worse fed, all those disorders move not their minds. They themselves suffer through their own covetousness, and think they ought so to do; and provided there be no superfluous expences, let the necessary charges be never so retrenched, all appears to her in a good order. These are not the laws that an equitable rule requires us to observe; if they forbid excesses, they also forbid penury; if it disallows continual fastings, it permits moderate and orderly meals; and when it retrenches the superfluity of dishes, it does not strike at what is necessary for life. While it opposes magnificence, it still remains a friend to decency; and its principal business is to limit every one to their proper condition, and to allow of all that can be done within the just bounds of every man's estate.

The Gaming WOMAN.

GAMING is a dangerous passion, which sometimes causes in one Day the loss of more than the expences of a whole Year; and the most wealthy and best regulated family cannot hold out against the extravagancies of a woman that plays; who, to please herself, loses
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her rest, and for whose diversion the whole day is too short, night must partake of them also, and her whole life is perpetual gaming. A woman whose deprav'd nature inclines her to this, and who has been fortified in it by habit, has no other desires. She neglects all other cares, and through a passionate propoession, makes of gaming a law, an honour, and a rule. She examines what is its due, and performs it exactly ; casts up the expences of it, and liberally supplies them : She approves of its rules, and observes them regularly. Therefore such a woman is rarely at church, at such visits as she is obliged to pay, or at home. Thorough this profession of being a gamestrefs, she renounces piety, honour, and regularity ; she cannot comply with all the obligations of her duties, while her passion imposes others upon her, that are so pressing, so active, and so continual, that she has no time, no desire, nor love, for any thing else. She hates all other diversions, but through the love she has for that particular one, she is sparing in all things but those which conserve gaming to defray the expences of. And it is these gaming-tables that cause the loss of all our wealth, and create the greediness of riches ; at these the whole delight of their souls does profusely wast itself. The broils which interest causes in disputes, are but as so many grains of salt to whet their appetites. The vexations are suited to their pleasures ; they are mov'd, but to appease themselves again ; and they appease themselves, but to be the oftener transported. It's in those opposite passions that they find their healths and satisfactions, and they are never seen more pleas'd, than in the midst of the confusions of gaming-houses, where
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interest, avarice, and deceit, maintain their nocturnal empire. There they fortify their passion, empty their purses, and spend their lives. There a woman loses all the ideas of virtue, and is apt to receive and entertain a thousand unworthy secret passions, under the veil of this publick one. There are frequent appointments made on the account of voluptuousness, as well as of interest. Those unlawful assemblies are as favourable to the dæmon of impurity, as to that of blasphemy. Fury and debauchery are found there. And in the midst of such an horrid society will some women glory to have a place, and she gives herself a reputation in the world, in declaring she is one of that society. She even seems to glory in those misfortunes which are the punishments of her disorders. For she brags loudly of her losses, and endeavours to comfort herself in them, by converting them into merits, never considering that this superfluity, which she bestows on chance, is what providence has deposited to her care, for the use of her family, or the poor at least. But how can the concerns for religion and for her neighbour move her, and cure her weakness, when more sensible reasons, tho' less powerful, make no impressions on her heart? And not limiting herself to the expences of what is superfluous, she also lavishes that which is purely necessary; and the sight of a discontented husband, of miserable children, of a ruin'd family, and of all the evils to which she exposes herself, are not sufficient to reclaim her. Want will sooner exclude her from gaming, than reason can banish that passion from her heart; and she must become the scorn and contempt of all the world, before she can leave

leave off. What blindness, what darkness do such passions infuse into a soul ! She is ignorant of the very evils that she suffers ; and when she finds that she cannot cure her passion, nor satisfy it, then it is that she begins to examine her condition, and not before ; and the impossibility she is in to continue her ill course, makes her sensible of it. She beholds a great number of evils, that have been caus'd by one single passion ; she looks on the consequences of the unruly motions of her heart ; but this knowledge does but half enlighten her. She but hates the effects of that cause she still loves, and her greatest sorrow is not for being unfortunate, but because she has no longer the means to make herself so, and to be reduc'd to acknowledge an evil which she still pursues.

Other vices have something to plead in their own behalf ; but the itch of gaming is the most unaccountable, as having no excuse, no incentive, but vice alone ; for, abstracting from the passions it provokes us to, it subsists by a covetous desire of what is another's, or a lavish squandering away our own. Nature has made man a sensible creature. Beauty moves him, the action such as the world could not continue long without. Time takes away the violent edge of it, when vigorous youth finds itself tempted to frequent fallies. Wine was the immediate blessing of heaven, to cheer our languishing spirits, the consolation of the afflicted, the joy of the happy, the benefit of the rich, and the cordial of the poor ; and if its charms do now and then trip up the heels of our discretion, a day or two's moderation sets all in order again. But nothing can recall the precious pence, that the unlucky run of the dice has

has now determin'd to be no longer your own. And 'tis observable, that this plague of gaming grows more obstinate by age, and will not admit of any cure, while a foot of land or a penny is left. This curst fire cannot be extinguish'd, but by want of fuel. How many rascals keep their coaches at the expence of young noblemen, and in the revolution of a few years have shaken great estates out of the rich heirs pockets into their own; and a fat man vie equipage with the duke he bully'd.

If we see some few persons reclaim'd from the exercise of gaming, we see none decline the love of it. They cease playing, but cease not to love it; and that remnant of injustice that is in them, serves but to renew that fury at the first occasion that will offer itself, and to snatch from them that little which providence sends. You shall see some that torment themselves, and give themselves a world of trouble, and all the fruits of their labour are laid on a single card. They'll toil a whole month to play one hour only; and their labour is as full of evil as is their pleasure, doing the one but in love to the other; and this strange prepossession renders them equally passionate in all the other actions of their lives.

If a christian woman did but know to what extremity such a passion leads, and the difficulty of getting off after once engag'd in it, she would never allow herself the use of so dangerous an exercise, and look on all other diversions as guilty, while she would hold this for harmless. It is the most seducing of all passions, because its beginning is approv'd by all, and is blam'd but in its excess, to which none designs to attain. Its power, which begins
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under the pretence of a diversion, does so insensibly encrease, that that pleasure does frequently turn to a necessity, and from an hour employ'd at it, one comes to spend a whole life; and this is done without thinking on it, much less after 'tis once done; for time runs away so easily at it, that for want of observing it, the loss is without redemption; the term of our lives finishes, and the long series of our days passes away without the use of one grain of virtue or employment; and of so many moments that we had at our disposal, there remains but one to regret all the others in. In this last we have so much sight, as serves to punish us; it's small space contains the idea of all the others, and the sight of that infinite number of the pass'd wasted moments, makes us sensible of the eternity of the time to come, when we shall answer for every ill spent moment of our lives. If all the moments of our lives are numbred, how ought we to manage them to render us perfect; and if our whole life ought to be employ'd in one continued prayer, let us so order our affairs, that those moments, which we cease from giving to God, be not spent in idleness; but let us employ them carefully in the ways of virtue, and never let any part of our time be useless to our salvation.

The diligent W O M A N.

OF all natural inclinations, idleness is the worst and most dangerous. It is hard for a person born with that unhappy disposition, to have any great share of reason, or of virtue; which

which makes employment to be so necessary a thing for all persons ; there should not be one moment lost in the whole life of a wise and worthy person. Therefore a woman of sense ought not only to perform her duties, but to employ her whole time also ; and that each moment of it may be found weighty, she ought to begin her labour with her life, and her life must be one continual action to the glory of God. And if the difference of times which composes her life, alters her employments, let it be in rendering them still more and more virtuous, more noble, and of a more large extent. She never ought to be seen free from care : Providence has impos'd on her, as well as on men, a perpetual labour in the work of their salvation. To perform well that task, a woman must have a zealous vigilance ; which may wean her from the fatal dulness of self-love. Whoever is convinc'd, must be animated also ; and who wants not faith, wants not courage likewise. The bottom of the heart being once corrupted, that heap of corruptions becomes the cause of the soft and easy life which the women of this age lead. If religion was believ'd, it would be practis'd also ; but it is profess'd and not known, or but by halves, and without being practis'd ; and all these disorders render the soul insensible of what relates to eternity. It must not surprise us, to see, that a woman who has no more religion than another, shall yet abound in self-love, and seek more after pleasures than after any good employment.

Slothfulness is the high road to crimes, and to all manner of voluptuousness ; and tho' it is more difficult to please men than God, yet it is more easy for women to endeavour to please

men, than to do any thing else. That desire keeps them perpetually out of action, and to rectify that unhappy tendency towards worldly things, the heart must be touch'd with a divine inspiration, and grace must act an extraordinary effect in their behalf. But that grace will not operate without assistance; they must give way to that divine virtue; they must begin their own conversion, if not in abandoning immediately, at least in forsaking idleness, the first cause of all those passions that makes us guilty. Wherefore no diversion, no rest. Let prayer begin and conclude the day. They must not only labour, but they must labour for God also. Those that are animated with a good intention, can never be tir'd; and the way to act with efficacy and constancy, is to consider that time is the way that leads to eternity, that the loss of it is irrecoverable, and that the way is to distance ourselves from virtue. This same time seems slow-pac'd and tedious when we suffer in the intervals of it; but flies away swifter than thought, when pleasure attends each moment. But to those that idly let it pass, it becomes that vast emptiness, which contains their disorders, and that draws their condemnation upon them. Short and unknown term! precious, yet fatal moment! Time, on which depends eternity, shalt thou always be forgotten, always neglected, and always spent in vain, and never virtuously apply'd? Shall interest and pleasure be the cause of all our actions, but in order to grow wealthy, or to please ourselves in some other manner? Shall avarice and voluptuousness always reign as sovereigns in the bottom of our hearts, our lives be spent in serving ourselves, or in losing our wealth? And
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can we not by a generous force separate our will, and satisfy the desires of nature, without pleasing our own desires, and so regulate each moment, as to exempt it from the crime of idleness? There is no condition that has not need of its whole time to fill up the duties thereof; and those moments that a woman spends in gaming, are so many stol'n from those appointed duties. Was there but that fault only to render her guilty, it would do it infinitely; if not through the evil she has committed, yet through the good she has omitted. For the neglect of duty is not much less than the commitment of evil. The truth is not well known. We are apt to flatter ourselves that idleness may be innocent, or at worst not very criminal. We applaud ourselves for being virtuous, because we are not guilty; and in the course of a luke-warm life, condemn'd by Christ, we promise to ourselves the rewards of eternity, which are reserv'd for those virtuous persons mention'd in the scriptures, who wean themselves from the world, to apply themselves entirely to God's glory. Yea, zeal of action, virtuous earnestness, design of providence, employments unknown to libertines, and neglected by the wise! We have pass'd the time of knowing you, when we can no longer put you in practice; neither can you be put in practice, when we have no time left to know you in. You are not neglected without danger, seeing that no crime can be constantly avoided, and virtue preserv'd, but by your assistance. You are so necessary to a christian life, that those who would religiously devote themselves to God, and renounce all the maxims of the world, ought not to spare

you one moment. Their life ought to be continually employ'd, and their time fill'd up, that their eternity may be happy.

The litigious W O M A N.

IF the Soul's tranquility and the heart's quietness be a compleat happiness, perpetual troubles and vexations are to be accounted very great evils; and this is the lot of those that are in law, especially amongst women, who being more sensibly concern'd at any imaginary injuries than men, are more frequently affrighten'd, afflicted, and fretted. When their wronged interest leds them to maintain their right, and that law agreeing with their humour, makes them wholly apply themselves to their own concerns, giving themselves up a prey to the cares of their wealth, then do they employ their whole time, all their cares, their whole mind, and sometimes all their chiefest good, to gain such as they enjoy but in bare speculation. When once an heart is pleas'd to be concern'd in a disputed interest, and that the difficulty of it does does but the more whet the desires, that custom begins to strengthen the natural inclination, and that opportunity offers a fortune, or a sweet revenge, for an injury receiv'd, who can forbear going to law? The heart is delighted in the very anticipation; it reckons on its own desires; the desire assures the possession, and on this ground it acts; and all the designs that our imagination can furnish us with, are employ'd to bring about our project; all is employ'd about a chimerical Nothing. On the contrary,

contrary, whence once a woman has had some smacking of the law, on the account of malice, injustice, or interest, and that she begins to know the ways and methods of quarrelling, according to the ancient and laudable custom of Westminster-hall, pride then is added to the former defects, and frequently she is so prepossessed with her own skill that way, that she is for continuing such law-suits, in which she has not the least concern, and will plead less to gain the cause, than to set forth her abilities that way, and to please her own vain humour. A woman of this complexion, is an insufferable creature, especially when she has been instructed by the whole management of business, according to the rules of art, in an hundred different law-tricks, by which she herself has formerly been deceiv'd; the natural effect of vexatious law-suits, is to crack the brains, if not through folly, yet through obstinacy, and that is one of the womens chiefest talents. The vexatiousness of business becomes their diversion, as well as employ, and that which was at first their business, is made, in process of time, their very recreation too. By these means they nourish, enliven, and please all their passions. Their interest, hatred, slander, self-love, and even voluptuousness, are therein gratify'd. They endeavour to please, that point is gain'd; ornaments may farther take, they are presently employ'd, and all things else, to engage a Judge in their interests. Beauty requires Art's assistance. Wit spares nothing to tickle mind, to move and gain the heart of that magistrate, on whose pleasure the cause depends; and all the charges that truth, prudence, and virtue are at, are reckon'd nothing, provided they get the day. A thousand

sand known evils are annex'd to the pursuit of the cause, and a thousand more committed, tho' unknown, make an end of distracting the soul, and rendering it guilty beyond redemption. Nice quarrels, which time and absence had almost bury'd in an eternal oblivion, receive again, under pretence of an interest, that honour engages 'em to maintain; and that first step which concealed passion has made, causes a thousand others more wicked than the first. Truth is almost stretch'd out to the magnitude of a lye, that it may be believ'd; and in order to destroy the adverse parties lyes, a man shall make no scruple to slander; and on the account of some right to a temporal estate, claims a right to every thing, and takes the liberty to speak all he knows, to impose all he pleases, and to do any thing else to maintain that right, which sometimes is but imaginary. There is no account of time given, cares are not neglected, money is not spar'd, and the welfare of the soul is not regarded. On the management of law-suits nothing is more forgotten than the care of the soul; especially amongst those women that are prepossessed with envy, animated by interest, and back'd by hatred. There is no falling back. The best reasons that condemn them, cannot convince them. Whatsoever they undertake to their own profit, always just to them; and rarely a law-suit comes to arbitration, when women follow it. Out of one law-concern they create to themselves a whole course of business, and of pleasure; the various dispositions of their concerns make up a kind of pleasing novelty, which gratifies their labour. Their passions are exercised by turns, and the end of their life preceeds that of their law-

law-suit. Their imperfect enterprizes are a sorrow, which hold place of those virtues that they have neglected; and the care of their law-suit in this world, is going to determine the state of their condition in another.

If good christian women did but examine into what dreadful engagements their cares do lead them, they would not so easily go to law; the loss of time, the alienation of their thoughts from God, the neglect of themselves, and a thousand other motives, would restrain their greedy interest; and for fear of losing their souls, they would not venture them, to gain an estate. It is not virtue alone suffers by it; honour, decency, civility, and all other good qualities are destroy'd, where a love to litigiousness predominates. There is no more justice to be had towards others, no more respects of rank and qualities, no more regard to age; self-love alone swallows all the rest. There are no more thoughts but for ones self, no more talk but of ones self, all friends are tir'd with the perpetual prosecution of their right, which takes away the opportunity of hearing and receiving their advice. The more their reasons would enlighten, the stronger is our obstinacy, and in their endeavours to reduce us to truth and justice, they remove themselves from our esteem, and we neglect their good counsels, because they discover our defects. We would be indulged in our errors; and of all errors, the most dangerous is that which we make choice of, that is examin'd, that is consider'd, which takes us up, which employs us, which troubles us, which satisfy us, which flatters us, which revenges us, which gives us wealth, and which continues to please us. This is the true image of a law-suit,
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and the whole effect it has on the heart of a litigious woman. We must not stand gazing at the evils it causes, but prevent them, avoid them, or cure them. Peace will supply us with all the means; it is that which knows how, and which can only give quiet to the heart and mind. It teaches us how to preserve our estates without law-suits, or to make use of the law without offence to God.

The quiet W O M A N.

PEACE is a blessing we seek after; the charms it possesses we know not, tho' we concern ourselves about the advantages which it procures us; and for want of knowing the value that its tranquility affords us, we cannot find the height of its perfection. To seek after it effectually, and to find it with ease, we should be inform'd of its qualities, its effects, of the store of its comeliness, of that stock of blessing which it affords, of that sweet and quiet happiness which is found only it. What weakness is it in the troubles of a tumultuous life, full of such cares as the mind greedily catches at, to imagine to find a comfortable peace, which is an absolute gift of God, a sense of the divinity, a state or temper in which the power of outward things do no longer act within us, and which being enlightned, separated, and disjointed from worldly things, is rais'd above the fears and desires which such things usually produce. It is in these things that peace consists, in a reasonable virtue, or in a virtuous reason, which comprehends a just will, and a sound judgment,

judgment, an heart seriously fixed on its duties, a mind thoroughly convinc'd of truth, that perceives it, follows, and loves it where-ever it is. A right regulation of ones mind and heart, is not above us, as we imagine ; we are not allow'd to raise our knowledge to certain heights ; but it is possible for us to redress them so far as they are to reach, and as the excellency of our understanding depends on providence, which indifferently distributes common sense. Righteousness and truth depend on the violence which is made to those passions, which oppose themselves to their effects. Every body may be perfectly rational if they will, their reason depends on their will, and on their reason depends that peace which it seeks after. In the bottom of an heart wasted with a thousand incumbrances, in the midst of a mind that is cross'd, and led astray, and seduc'd by an hundred errors, there is no peace to be found. Neither will it be found in the engagements of a soul, carried head-long by its own inclinations, which freely yields to the charms of a concealed passion. It's divine quiet is quite opposite to those human confusions which disturb us ; and if we would enjoy a true peace, we must rightly seek after it, in truth itself. A true peace consists in the quiet of the soul, which nothing can disturb. We must be disingag'd from those troublesome thoughts which possess our whole lives ; of that interest which allows us to attempt any thing ; of that self-love that prepossesses us, and renders us too sensible of all things. And this way which leads us to this peace, is a certain by-way, unknown to the will. The troubles and cares of wealth and riches have charms which deface the quiet of

indigency, and we easily sacrifice our tranquillity to our wealth, without considering that all the means and riches of the world are not worth one moment of that tranquillity, or of that quietness that is unalterable; of that peace which the mind feels, which the heart loves, and which reigns in a christian soul; but to make it sensible before-hand of that immensity, of that eternal rest that is prepared for it. Rest, tranquillity, and peace, which admits of no passionate vigilance, nor of any deserved hatred, nor of confusion of affairs, nor of the trouble of disputes, nor of the loss of time; but that communicates, by its sweet temper and contempt of riches, a good-will towards our neighbour, a love for justice, which makes us to avoid all things that might disturb us. And because lawsuits and cavils expose a soul to an hundred new dangers of offending God, it flies from them, to the loss of its worldly interest; and when at any time it finds itself forcibly engag'd therein, it maintains, it follows, and ends them, according to truth, right, and justice. Such a man's heart is equally peaceable in the tumult of affairs, makes use of none but lawful and just means to bring it about; because he is exempted from that servile and guilty fear of losses, which interest produces in those to whom peace is of less value than wealth.

General

General OBSERVATIONS *on the* FAIR SEX.

THOUGH all the passions torment, agitate, and provoke us, yet there is one that still predominates over all the rest, and every one feels within himself a tyrannical passion, which being as a *Primum Mobile* to the rest, drags us where it pleases, and leads us, by its violence, to an hundred different distractions, from which we cannot defend ourselves, thro' those charms that we find in it. It is our natural temper that makes choice of one passion to rise above the rest; and commonly every one follows an opinion according to his inclinations, and a passion according to his nature; but, in this discourse, I do not pretend to persuade this truth, that of all the passions, self-love is the most dangerous. I only design to describe how that passion is so predominant in women; and the reasons why they all have the same; and that neither rank nor temper can hinder self-love from being the favourite and darling of that sex, and to sway a sovereign empire over all women. Yet I must except those, who, being sensible of the truth I here deliver, wholly employ all their cares to fortify themselves against that charming propensity. They ought to fear it above all others; because it is the most natural, the most in use to them, and the most common. That women are born with it; their reason fortifies them in it, and their condition engages them to it. As they are born more weak and tender, they favour themselves in many things, and tolerate them-

selves in many others; therefore it is so rare to find any woman exempted from prepossession of the mind, from a tendency for fopperies, an obstinacy in opinions, and an inconstancy in all things. In a concern of interest, a woman has not the power to moderate her violent temper; and the cause of this disorder, is that self-love which over-powers her; that self-love, so unknown, and yet so imperious, which masters the will, and makes it move according to its own pleasure.

It is of this very self-love, that I design to give an idea; in ourselves we have a certain sense, which makes us to desire that which may render us happy, and which prepossesses us, that this happiness consists in the pleasures of the mind, or of the senses. Betwixt the desires of happiness, according to reason, and desires which are inspir'd to us by self-love, there is but one distinction; the one incites us to desire an happiness which we apprehend not, and which makes us to adore that sovereign principle from whom we expect it; and the other makes us to desire such an happiness as we may feel and know so soon as we desire it. Voluptuousness is in our souls through the means of self-love; but our happiness is found there through a christian soul's desires. On the contrary, from the desires which self-love inspires us with, are produc'd all those various niceties incident to women, viz. prepossession, carelessness, vanity, indulgence, idleness, and an hundred other defects, which pass under the notion of the natural qualities of their sex. So soon as the heart is fill'd with that insensibility, with that self-love, with a longing after those delectable things that flatter and please us, good-night to virtue, reason, honour,

nour, and all such things, as require a soul rais'd above the common level. Self-love is the principle of all the passions, and of all vices; it is more difficult to be destroy'd than all the other defects; its tyranny being a kind of spur, which pricks us on, and drives us towards ourselves, to seek after flattery, and love ourselves.

It is not difficult to love ones self, because it is a natural right, and that there is no being which concurs not, through a proper impulse, not only to its conversation, but to its satisfaction also. Therefore self-love is the first passion, I mean, the most tenacious, tho' not the strongest: It is the most natural, the most mild, the most pleasing, the most seducing; and all those qualities produce great effects on womens minds; their complexions, their temper, their educations, and their very ignorance, render them more sensible of that passion, which ever acts effectually with that sex. There the proper qualities join together, which frame an union betwixt themselves; and that passion, and all those others to which women abandon themselves, are mov'd by that self-love, which stirs them up but to render them subservient to its designs, and employs them to assist it in the destruction of virtue and reason.

Indeed if we but reflect upon the mighty care and pains that are continually taken in the education of young women, and more particularly of those who are the best able to set a lustre upon virtue by their distinguishing rank and opulent fortunes, we ought to look down with pity, not to say indignation, on their parents, who are at such vast expences to make 'em so many scandals of their families, and publick reproaches

proaches of their sex. Religion they are utter strangers to; virtue they only talk of; goodness they understand not; and every tender motion of compassion is odious to 'em, as subtracting so much from the felicity of their grandeur, that it makes 'em mindful that flesh and blood may be miserable; the affluence of their own circumstances makes 'em insensible of the common calamities of a narrow fortune. The humble prostration of every one about 'em fans that raging fire that self-love had kindled, and by a continu'd series of indulgence and flattery, they become so hardened in self-love, that no human reason can root it out of their minds. Therefore, that self-love, which indulges her mind in ignorance, and her body in ease, inspires her with voluptuous inclinations; also after it has brought her up to useless trifles, so soon as reason appears, self-love presents her with agreeable objects wherewith to seduce her, entertains the judgment with projects and designs that are useful and delightful, and according to her heart's inclinations, it gives her up to some condition seemingly agreeable; it even deprives of all pains and troubles those pleasures which it proposes, and that joy which self-love promises to the accomplishment of our desires, appears without mixture; it never mixes pleasure with those bitter things which are felt in the use of pleasure, and when a woman would check herself for the false opinion which she had conceiv'd of pleasures, ingenious self-love flatters her with what is to come, and makes her to wish for those delights that it represents, to deceive her so long as it possesses her. These are still but its meanest effects; it is that which makes women to neglect the esteem of men, or
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that makes us to seek too earnestly after it. * With what do you think is a woman prepossessed, which engages her heart, and endeavours to gain others, where friendship has much less to do than love, if not with an excessive self-love, which obliges her to seek after herself, in strange objects, and to inspire the same desires in the heart of that person which has produc'd it first in hers? She communicates that self-love which she feels in herself; she carries her passion to that person in whom she finds her delight, and under the pretence of loving one another, they both effectively love but themselves. But that is not all, self-love is as great a friend to interest, as it is to voluptuousness; those women who are observ'd to seek after advantageous friendships with all the careful complaisances imaginable; those who under laborious employs conceal that satisfaction which they expect from their labours, are not less subject to self-love than those that abandon themselves to a soft and idle life.

There is a self-love that will endure labour, as there is a careless one; yet they are still the same; and a veil of piety, which draws respect, is no less a self-love, than the splendor of a pleasing gallantry. Those are deceiv'd that believe that self-love reigns only amongst wanton and loose women, that it only abides amongst them that are possess'd with voluptuousness, softness, ease, vanity, obstinacy, pride, sensuality, and the care of gratifying their passions, and to yield to the senses of all the pleasures which each in particular requires.

* The wanton and loose woman.

Thus

* Thus we have demonstrated our first point; to proceed now to the second, (viz. the bigots) is it not evident, that it is not only the gallant, wanton, loose women, that are liable to these defects; but those that profess piety as well as those that glory in disorders, have a stock of self-love, which renders vices familiar to them as well as to others, because they take too little care to suppress it. It is frequently observ'd, that those who pretend most to devotion, are those that love themselves most; and amongst so many virtues they boast of, there is not a grain of charity to be found; of that charity, which in obliging them to love God above all things, should at the same time incline them perfectly to hate themselves. And that is the reason, that in this seeming and pretended regularity, there are always found some reliques of the Old Adam; wherefore you shall find your bigot women always more ready to resent an injury, than those from whom one would expect the most passionate returns. They have less of anger, outwardly, but more of revenge within; because that the habit of moderation renders their first motions more calm, and the second more durable; and self-love takes special care to preserve in their minds the remembrance of the least injury, which charity might easily wipe off, if it lodg'd in their hearts. The ignorance of women is a very surprising thing, it overpowers all their senses, and self-love is the cause of it. No sensible woman would flatter, applaud unjustly, tolerate, and pardon their own faults, tho' very considerable, if they did not love themselves so much better than others. We must be convinc'd of the flattering manner, in which self-love presents our evil inclinations to us,

us, and we can never be too severe against it, when we would have it do justice.

It is this mixture of mildness and severity that a woman is to provide herself with as to her conduct of severity in what concerns herself, and of mildness in respect to others. Her mildness to others save her from slander, and her severity towards herself, will place her above self-love, that passion so difficult to be overcome, as being the most universal and amiable.

As to those women that are not numbered amongst the former for wantonness, piety, or wit, but lead a retir'd life, are assiduous in their affairs, and apply themselves in managing those means they have suitable to their own conditions; they also are not wholly shelter'd from the woful effects of self-love, which frequently is the motive of their housewifery, and that makes them avoid all superfluities; but as this self-love is of an insatiable nature, it frequently screws oeconomy up to avarice. A woman shall deny herself those things that are necessary, through the satisfaction she feels in the hopes of a future heap of wealth, while at the same time she procures to herself a present and real want, of which she is not sensible thro' the blindness of self-love; and this is so certain, that amongst such women of an ordinary condition, who, for the benefit of their families, are concern'd in some way of trade, there is observed such a store of self-love, as governs all their actions. It is very rare to find a woman who takes business upon her with a spirit of meekness and of carefulness, and who has no other aim in it than her duty, and the fear of God. Never did the praise and representa-

tion of the virtuous woman mentioned in the scripture, appear a mere idea (of which the reality can never be found) more than in this age; and the cause of it is that self-love, which deprives women of all those excellent qualities which the scripture expresses as most necessary to render a woman perfect. So long as a woman yields to those secret impulses that estrange from a severe justice, she is incapable of perfection; I say, the severity of justice, because nature has a tendency that is imperfect, which opposes itself to right, and which makes that even indifferent things become difficult to her. It is but with great information, and many strugglings, that a woman can overcome such a natural propensity, which leads her out of the way of perfection. How can the most part of the women be able to use that generous way of tearing themselves from their self-love, to give themselves up to wisdom?

If therefore this insinuating quality can find ways and means to supplant our reason, what can we expect from those ladies whose lives have been but one continued thread of gaiety, idleness, ignorance, vanity, and voluptuousness? How can this cursed passion be extirpated after so long an empire, rivetted so firmly by the continued indulgencies of flatterers in acquaintance, flatterers in conversation, flatterers in the most private retirements with their own domesticks? In a word, they suck'd it in with their milk, and all their infancy was nourish'd up in a thousand opportunities of creating self-love, if nature peradventure had not superseded that misfortune in our education. There is a vast distance betwixt idle conversations, perpetual gaming, slothful insipid assemblies, and
virtuous

virtuous employments that are continual. Self-love manages too well its own interest with those women that are given up to gaming, to please them within sight of that abyss, which is betwixt their conduct and the maxims of a christian life, through which they cannot pass. And I wonder not that self-love which governs all women, leaves not one moment at the gamesters's disposal, but to play in, or desire to do so; if they had but some free moments from that prepossession, they could not behold the idleness of their past life without proposing to themselves a more useful after-time; and that is one of the secret politicks of self-love, so to gild over the object that amuses them, that they ever be employ'd in it; tho' really gaming can never be call'd an employ, being only a kind of moving idleness, or a diversion from better things; which should never be used, but to afford nature some moments of rest, to gratify its weakness. But self-love, that seducing passion, never proposes such ways to women, but to surfeit them, and make them give up their whole time and hearts to that foolishness which so well agrees with that passion, that causes it to be so entirely belov'd; for self-love supports that idleness of the mind and body, which feeds and nourishes itself; it fills the soul, but does not nourish it; it is wholly devoted to that prepossession that lulls it asleep, and renders it insensible and incapable of embracing those reflections and ideas, with the inspirations, and all the impulses which grace and reason promote, in order to enlighten them.

But this self-love has so well establish'd it self, in the hearts of women, thro' that maxim, that thereby it is not only become the cause of this soft and motionless way of living, but it is the cause also of a thousand pains and labours, that are annex'd to another character. It is the same self-love that is the principle of those painful and laborious things in which law-suits engage women. Under those melancholy wakeful nights and bright days, without rest and quiet, is concealed the most invincible and most nice self-love imaginable; it is in the practice of those mean and toilsome sollicitations, that they find the most rooted good opinion of themselves. Women never love themselves better, than when it is at the charges of all the troubles that they most abhor, to enjoy the pleasures which they desire; yet it would be an hard task to make them acknowledge a truth which they both feel and love, and which they will not own, but because they would not part with their pleasure. The pains and disorders which those law-cavils and custom breed, are produc'd by self-love, and no woman can deny (if she is sincere) but that it is that self-love which animates her, when she takes upon her those repeated cares, which please her in the midst of a thousand different vexations that encompass her mind.

Self-love has in it something that is so agreeable to women, that when once nature has delivered them up to its power, they are not contented to pass their whole lives in the custom which that passion makes them to contract, but they also nourish, foment, and increase this passion in themselves; and not stopping there, as they entertain it themselves, they communi-

cate

gate it to others; for it is a poison with which one becomes infected by mere conversation, so dangerous and imperceptible, that it cannot be cured, except it be known before one is tainted with it; or such care be taken to destroy it, with as much diligence as there is taken to preserve it. I wish women would frequently frame to themselves an idea of this belov'd passion, and that they would but dive into the nature and effects of it, thereby to avoid its power and charms, and not become slaves to an effeminate passion, which derives from the most illustrious passion in man. For no-body can doubt but that love is the noblest of all the passions; and it is certain, that thro' our first father's sin that sublime and natural love of man is degenerated into a guilty and sensual love, and that the spring of bliss is become the principle of a thousand evils; because that nature which was temper'd with grace, and whose inclinations were laudable and holy, predominating charity, destroying self-love, and not allowing to love ourselves but in God alone, has changed its nature. Man has no longer look'd on objects with the same eyes he did before; the profitable and pleasing things have attracted his desires; he has lost the relish of innocence; self-love is become his aim, his motive, and his principle; he has no longer had a regard to please God in all things but himself; he has ever since valued himself, that fatal metamorphosis, and after he had degenerated from that blessed way, wherein he liv'd plentifully in the earthly paradise, he has yielded himself up to an inordinate love of himself, even in the midst of indigence and the wants of a corrupt nature; so that from the happy estate in which God
had

had placed him, he has plunged himself into that abyſs of miſeries and ſorrows, in which he remain'd until the coming of Chriſt. Not that this miſſion of Chriſt, which has expunged the guilt of the Old Adam, was to re-eſtabliſh man in that perfection in which he was at firſt; but to confer on him the redeemer's grace, to enable him to enter into it by violence; and the excellency of the redemption is an advantage to human nature, becauſe that in the firſt man there was nothing difficult in the perfection of his virtue; but in the new man he earneſtly concurs, by his will united to grace, to the perfection of his merits; and he is ſo much above his firſt ſtate by faith, that he cannot but acknowledge how much nature has been advanced ſince Chriſt Jeſus has purify'd it, by his coming, his word, and his grace. By the new law man finds himſelf to be a diſciple of a crucify'd God, who came to teach men to become offerings, and to make them comprehend, that, to the confuſion of the devil, he did enable him to triumph over a perverſe nature, and to be a ſufferer in heart and mind, that he might become a citizen of glory and of bleſſedneſs.

But what was this world that was to be deſtroy'd, thoſe enemies that were to be overcome, but that ſtore of ſelf-love which had the maſtery over the firſt man! That love of himſelf, and of his own intereſt, that had plunged him into a perpetual labour, and an infallible death, to which we have all been ſubjected! It was the firſt motive of his loſs, and is frequently the cauſe of ours; that is, the monſter which is to be vanquiſh'd by grace, which is given us, and about the deſtruction of which we ought continually to be

be employ'd. It is against this so natural, yet so forbidden self-love, that we must have a perpetual warfare, since our reward is annexed to the victory over that passion, and that whosoever does not hate himself, must not pretend to those recompences, reserved only for those that love none but God. But if it is so difficult for the wisest and best of men, absolutely to destroy that enemy; and that so long as we live, we retain that hereditary mark of the first infraction of the law of God, how much more difficult must it be to a weak, frail, inconstant sex, and (to speak more home yet) such a one as is so closely link'd to that enjoy'd effect, to preserve itself from that illusion of nature and of the devil, and to overcome a tendency, which forces it not to any thing, but leaves it in a soft idleness, in which those that love themselves continually remain! What likelihood for women, who rarely examine themselves in order to be instructed, and that of every kind of knowledge entertain but a bare desire in the heart, but not in their memory, to withdraw themselves from those favourable reflections, from that perpetual return, which is nothing else but a circulation which their imagination and will make upon themselves, which always terminates in a self-applause, as secret as unjust! What means is there, I say, for those tender persons, accustomed to a self-love, to divorce themselves from that corruption which their nature and education have communicated to them! How would you have a woman to be capable of resolution, and worthy to be intrusted, whose weakness permits her not to keep a secret even

even with those she loves, nor to maintain the interest of truth against those she fears! It is the effect of self-love in women which gives them that great inclination to divulge what they know of evil conceal'd in others, never being capable to keep in silence that which is particularly confided to them. Wherefore as a natural punishment of temper, those that are so bold in the concerns of others, are very fearful on those of truth; and you shall but rarely see them take with zeal the part of such persons as are oppress'd, tho' they be never so ready at the discovery of the defects of those persons they are acquainted with; and this cruel conduct is the common effect of self-love. When once we love ourselves, we cannot resolve to say such things of others as would cause them to be belov'd, nor to conceal the esteem men have for us, by the concealment of the secret by them intrusted to us.

A woman fancies she may acquire great esteem from her own indiscretion, and a great advantage from her complaisance; and that false opinion continues her in the practice of those evil maxims, and always keeps her close to that stock of self-love which makes her act in that manner.

In this case, the effects support the cause; self-love produces those evil fancies that are the causes of a thousand unjust and unreasonable actions; and these irregular actions, in their turn, maintain the soul in those evil practices which afterwards return to their spring, to take and give such new fatal powers as conduce only to corruption and disorder. This is the effect of self-love, which may be term'd an evil that contains all others; since there is no disorder in
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the world which does not acknowledge that passion to be its principle ; and I am of opinion, that christianity, polity, and morals, cannot make an honest man of a man that too much loves himself ; justice being necessary in all conditions, but cannot subsist with self-love, which always takes the part of voluptuousness and pleasures, never considering that submission which the body owes to the mind, and how we are obliged to do violence to ourselves, in order to subdue our lusts. Self-love gives a licence to our inclinations, and leaves our desires free in their disorders, not busying itself, but to flatter our mind, to render pleasing to us the custom of hearkening to its allurements, and so to order things, that we may not be possess'd but with a good opinion of ourselves ; and to make us singular even in publick concerns, by preferring ourselves before all things else, and not observing the law but with all the reservedness that it proposes to us, banishing all those severe and laborious duties wherewith we cannot dispense nor exempt ourselves from without being guilty.

Self-love is opposite to the law, and to worthiness ; it affords us no desires but for greatness, for beauty, or for riches ; setting aside ambition, voluptuousness, and avarice, nothing pleases it ; and it is by those unhappy passions that we preserve self-love, as it is by the same self-love that we preserve those three passions in our hearts. It is because we love ourselves, that we would be rais'd above others ; it is that same love, which makes us to desire those objects, which we fancy may encrease our delights. It is on the same account also that we accumulate wealth, that the more we have of

our own, the less we may depend on others, and have more to depend on us. This unhappy custom, establish'd by interest, infuses such thoughts in the covetous, that in effect they daily see people of the best rank renounce the lawful rights which they have received from their ancestors, and yield their rank, submit their reason, and what is more, sacrifice truth, to acquire some small means, or merely to gain the esteem of those that are wealthy; and this with a design to confirm or encrease their reputation, believing that reputation depends on the recommendation of those whom riches has brought into credit; so that self-love has the art of rendering covetous not only those who possess wealth, but even those also that have none. It is not less through a principle of covetousness that we do an ill thing to gain wealth, as that we hoard it up when got. It is the same to follow a rich man that avoids us, as to fly from a poor man that pursues us. A man is as covetous in hunting after wealth, as in hoarding it up; and self-love is not less busy in the one than in the other; for we love ourselves in relation to our fortune, when we hate ourselves in relation to honour. And women are very apt to embrace that kind of covetousness which is brought forth by self-love; they consider persons but in reference to their fortune, and the abundance of their wealth is the standard of their esteem; they also measure a man's merits by the largeness of his purse; for when they go about to praise any person, his wealth has a great share in it; and they rarely bestow the like praises on a person endow'd with all the virtues, when fortune is averse to him; and this is, because self-love will not permit a woman

man to praise another's merits, who has nothing but his good qualities to be admired for, and no means to feed their hope with. So true it is, that we love entirely ourselves, and that we cannot applaud nor engage a person from whom we promise not to ourselves some particular advantage in some manner or other, and on whom we fix not our hopes of some advantage; which is the cause of the good we do others, by the justifying their conduct, or proclaiming their virtues. It is the spring of all evils, of all vices, and of all errors, that self-love is so extended, and so secret. Why is it not pursued with the same zeal to destroy it, that the apostles and martyrs of former times were animated with, to sacrifice it to the severe yoke of penitence, or to martyrdom? How beautiful would it appear in these days? I mean not those bloody offerings that maintain the truth of religion; but those godly retirements, where tears were abundantly shed, for the conversion of sinners; those assemblies of illustrious virgins, which were so esteem'd more through virtues than their births, that pass'd their lives in the severe exercise of a mortification as continual as voluntary; those virgins, who were so many examples for those of our age, and which it is much to be fear'd, will be the only example that will remain for future ages; those virgins, I say, in whom the more self-love did murmur, agitate itself, act, and resist, the more it did enable them to oppose its fury; and whose desires, animated by a courageous and inspir'd will, had overcome all the impulses of a rebellious and corrupt nature; but all the wishes that I could express on this occasion, would be as useless as the words which I write. Tho' all those

writings that blame self-love, be never so much seen and read, and those impulses that condemn it felt, it is stronger than all, and it would be impossible to subdue it, without that assisting grace which encourages us and raises us up; which grace is never wanting to us, if we require it with a real desire to obtain it. It is frequently the carelessness of making the request, that renders the prayer fruitless. We must make use of zeal to obtain the victory over a passion, which dulls our will, and that cannot be vanquish'd without fervor, because that of all the passions it is that which is most friendly to rest; all the other passions cannot use their violence, without agitating our hearts, our bodies, and our minds; but self-love acts with all its power in the most perfect tranquillity, and causes neither motion nor agitation in us. Its evil actions can naturally abide in the most quiet condition and situation in which any creature can be; it may have a self-love even to excess; and tho' sometimes this passion is found in the midst of troubles, it is also met with in tranquillity; that for which reason it is so common to women, the soft and easy life they lead, those fooleries that amuse them in a senseless and continual idleness, is a bait for self-love; and it is very natural to love ones self extremely, when one leads such a life as women do now-adays. I wonder not, that in the opinion of the wisest persons, all the virtues that women seem to have, are suspected, and that it is difficult to imagine that any perfect thing can be produced from that which is not so of itself; for commonly those outward appearances of modesty, which might be the arguments of piety, are but those of superstition and

and bigotry; their firmness is but a pure obstinacy, and their mirth is always mix'd with a world of indiscretion.

But how comes it to pass, that what would be counted laudable qualities and even virtue in others, becomes vice and disorders in them? It is because self-love makes choice of those virtues which they profess; they incline to piety, because they are naturally inclined to a quiet and sober life, and frequently also, because they love slander better than they do voluptuousness; for under that veil they fancy that they may talk of others, while they take from others all occasion to speak of them. They maintain their opinions without reason and intermission; not because they understand, but because they love them; and the reason that they never yield, is, because those false ideas, with which they prepossess themselves, stand them instead of true reason, and they would have them to pass so with others; and that their bad reasons are preferred to those good ones that are given them; and that the last that speaks they repute to be in the right; they are always sure to be on the best side in that respect; but, moreover, when they allow themselves any pleasant conversation of wit, it is never with the necessary moderation that should authorize it. They always addict themselves to things beyond measure; their seriousness is forced, and their joy extravagant; and that point of virtue which leaves the soul in an equal temper, is not found amongst them, because self-love does always lead them to the most blameable extremities, and permits them not to perceive the excess, which spoils all things but in other persons, and never in themselves. That self-love
does

does so blot out all the good qualities in women; that tho' they may be capable of learning and policy, it is always with so much prepossession, that their pride and subtilty is sooner discovered than their application and prudence. You never see, in business of the mind and understanding, a woman act like an understanding man; there is still some grains of pride and of weakness in them, that spoils all they do or understand, and it is not without reason that custom has barr'd them from the knowledge of the sciences.

Most frequently study spoils a woman more than it improves her; and their own nature, cultivated by a right reason, is always more solid and more agreeable, than when their brains have been tormented to learn, more with design to seem to know, than to know really. Their quick apprehension may sometimes carry them so far as to conceive some right ideas of great things; but that fixed temper of the mind that is necessary to support that first attempt, is not to be found in them; their reflections are so far from strengthening the idea, that it blots it out; and that pleases them in the agreeableness of any great design that they propose to themselves, yields to the satisfaction they take to destroy that resolution which they had taken; and because this mutability of opinions is natural, by reason of that self-love that predominates in them, they neither are every wise nor very learned, and yet they might attain to either with more ease than men, if they would but apply themselves to destroy that passion of self-love.

It is a prepossession without sense, and a necessity without reason, that deprives them of all those

those great parts for which their natural temper seems to be framed, if their self-love was but put away, and that through a worthy resolution they force themselves from the power of that deceitful charm that keeps them continually in play;

An understanding woman would certainly go beyond any man; her quick apprehensions, her penetration, her nicety, the heat of her courage, and the subtilty of her ideas, which are moved by a more sudden motion than in men, would render her capable of the highest enterprizes, and of the most sudden execution; and at the same time, that flame that renders her temperate when she pleases, would make easy those tedious ways, thro' which they are to pass to attain to reputation, to fortune, and to virtue; then nothing would be difficult to a sex to which now nothing is scarce possible, because self-love makes all pains seem unsufferable to them, all cares troublesome, all employments uneasy, and setting aside the pleasures which they design, all things else appear dull. It is with constraint, that some moments are allow'd to the performance of things which duty and necessity obliges them to do; those moments are found so tedious, tho' never so short, that the most motives that can but exempt them from performing those duties, appear very reasonable, that they presently embrace them, and all becomes reasonable enough to engage us to abandon reason.

These are the weaknesses, the injustice, and disorders that self-love brings us to. We cannot free ourselves from it, but by such a generous contempt of ourselves, as may free us from those too great concerns that we have for our own

own interests, and that inspires us with a necessary exactness, a severity that checks the meanest defects; those virtuous qualities which are formed in a profound humility, are the principles of the other virtues; accomplishment is annexed to the practice thereof, it sanctifies all the natural motions of the heart; and those brave women of former ages, that have been examples to posterity, were filled with hatred of themselves. No person can be above the crosses of fortune, and of the accidents of this life, but those that are above themselves. No person can be capable of enjoying a right reason, and perfect health, but such as can overcome and hate themselves. Wherefore no woman ought to fancy herself rational, wise, and accomplished, that entertains any self-love. Women, in other respects, have so many privileges above men, that it should animate them to overcome a passion which renders them inferior to men. It is not a thing impossible, that such an accomplishment requires of them; they may, without lessening their fortune, their credit, their beauty, their quiet, render themselves worthy of the esteem of the most judicious; they need but to entertain a little more of good order, of truth, and of justice in their conceptions, in their discourses, and in their conduct; then would self-love soon be turn'd out of their souls, banish'd from the world, and to the honour of the Fair Sex, we should be obliged to acknowledge, that they had been greater conquerors in the subduing of that passion, than all the courage and valour of men have perform'd in so many ages.

To

To give a true Essay on Woman, she is a bait made on purpose to put us Men, (who glory in our knowledge of the most abstruse mysteries, in our great military achievements, and in our governing the world, in mind of our frailty,) in suffering ourselves to be ensnar'd in that net, which being baited with that bait, is the bane of all our bliss, and renders our lives miserable for ever. If this composition happen to have some small ingredient of simplicity, or (as some will call it) of good nature; that is to say, if out of fear, she is either over-ruled by a husband to keep in a tolerable decorum, so as not to tire the poor infant out of his life, by her obstreperousness, and continual clamours; though, at the same time, her weakness, or good-nature, (if you please) will not permit her to reject the kind offers and arts of an insinuating gallant, or a cunning old lady, who bubbles her at the expence of her husband; she thinks she may justly challenge the title of a good, or at least, of a good-natur'd woman; and woe be to the poor wretch that is yoked to her, if he dares say one word against it; and though he be not so complaisant to his wife's good-nature, to think her a good woman, yet woe, I say, to him, if he dares to say so, he is sure to have the general vote, with a nemine contradicente, of all the good women against him; and of these, you know, there are not a small number. If these be the good women, what do you think of the bad ones? I will not, at this time, enlarge myself upon the whole body of the sex. I am very willing to pass by in silence those of the meanest rank; as their behaviour, for the most part, is insupportable, and often more like brutes than rational creatures,

so they have that to say in their behalf, that they tread the steps of their parents, merely by instinct, and without disguise. It being my intention to confine the compass of this Essay to some of those chiefly of a superior rank, who by their extraction, affluence of fortune, a liberal, generous, and apparent education, (for such too often it is) and genteel conversation, may seem to challenge much greater prerogatives than those of the common people. And now, I would ask any young country squire of them all, lately brought to live by my lady his mother, or his aunt; or any young scholar of the universities, come up to London along with his cousin, to view the curiosities of that city: I say, I would ask either of them, when they came first into the playhouse, (perhaps to see some new play, or magnificent opera) and found the boxes lin'd with so great numbers of fair, magnificently attir'd, and sumptuously attended ladies, whether they did not lose their senses at the first sight of them, and during this rapture, they were themselves transported into terrestrial paradise; where, instead of women, find they were to enjoy the secret conversations of angels. Truly, young gentlemen, I can't much blame you; good men of many years and inheritance have been as much mistaken as yourself, nay, rather more, when, instead of paradise, they have got into lob's pound, the only purgatory to purge off in this world, which purifies them so nicely, that there are many of them have nothing but skin and bones left them. Pray look a little about you, for here you will find them of all sorts and sizes, from the lord to the country-fellow, from the long robe to the cassock, from the sword to the pen-man,
all

all inveigled into the sin ; and you are likely to fall into it without shame, in bringing the words of *Æsop's* fox, *Omnia me vestigia terrent*. I see you are big to tell me that I only banter, and that 'tis impossible ladies with such angel-like graces and shapes, with so engaging a deportment, and so admirable an air, should be nothing but darkness within. Have you forgot how *Lucian* compares them to the *egyptian* temples, which are most magnificent structures without, but their deities within, nothing but an ape, a dog, or some other ugly deformed creature ? Had *Lucian* liv'd since the discovery of the *chinese* temples to the *Europeans*, he would have had recourse, in his comparison, to them, instead of those of the *Egyptians* ; for, as the *chinese* temples far exceed the others, as well in the preciousness of the materials, as in the beauty of workmanship ; so the most monstrous shapes of their gods, contain'd within, seem to have nearer relation to the modern extravagancies of the sex. Some have compared them to the transparent glasses in the apothecaries or chymists shops, which seem gilt without, but contain bitter draughts and deadly remedies, unless us'd with the utmost precaution. Should I but rehearse here half the titles and epithets *Solomon* bestows upon women, what do you think would become of our essay ? It would certainly swell into a good large piece ; and who can deny, but that he was the best judge that ever was of the sex ? His judgment being founded not only upon his wisdom, but also upon his own experimental philosophy and practice. But that it may not be objected, as if things were much altered since *Solomon's* time, in respect

as well of the female sex, as in many other matters, let us cast an eye upon the education, practices, and deportment of those that set up for the female beaux of this age. To trace their education from its head spring, you too often see a young miss in her very tender years, put to the management of some old lady or other, who having formerly been my lady's woman, (and perhaps my lord's too) is annexed, like an appennage to a benefice; so that having liv'd in holy conversation with the curate, she is, after her husband's death, now thought fully qualify'd for the education of miss. This cunning hag, knowing it is the safest way to rise now, instead of giving to her young pupil such lessons as may lead her to humility, modesty, and an easy and complaisant temper, is sure, in order to flatter her young mistress's fancy, and engage her entirely into her interest, to infuse into her quite contrary principles. She will not fail to tell her, twenty times a day, of the charms of her eyes, the delicacy of her complexion, the nicety of her shape, &c. and, in conclusion, she never fails to put her in mind that all these were gifts of nature, intended to allure men, and to keep them in slavery; with many more such-like edifying instructions, she is best able to give, because she has practis'd them before herself. If her young mistress be of quality, she tells her, 'tis haughtiness must be the chief aim of her deportment; if she's rich, she makes her belly her god; she tells her, she ought to eat nothing the season affords, be it never so dearly bought; and the better to gratify both her own and her young mistress's appetite, (for she will certainly come in for her full share) she will take

take a great deal of pains to perswade her, that fine meats and delicious sauces serve to invigorate her spirits, render her more plump and comely, and consequently encrease her charms to the undoing of mankind. Miss, thus initiated in the principles of vanity, pride and luxury, stands now in want of one who may, like a true assistant to her tutoress, teach her how to put in practice some part at least of her instructions. And who do you think should this good man be? i'll warrant you, you will say, it must be some man of wisdom and experience in the fine art of accomplishing ladies, as may seem to appear to you? but alas! how far do you shoot from the mark? be not surprized if I tell you, 'tis a certain whipper-snapper called a dancing-master, with a blue coat, scarlet stockings, and a laced Hat; he being of Mrs. tutoress's acquaintance, in having purchased her favours by the help of some pieces of gold, or perhaps by doing her another good turn, is, by her commendation, constituted chief manager of Miss's good carriages and manners. This Fellow, when he is introduced to the parents, will tell them wonders in praise of dancing; how Socrates learn'd to dance in his old age, how the grave Lacedæmonians us'd it in their publick feasts, and how even the Salian priests at Rome danc'd in honour of Mars; but he is sure not to mention one word, how Salust upbraided Sempronia with dancing too nicely, and how Cato objected the same to Hudrenas. He takes care not to put them in mind of Petrarch's saying, " That at balls many a
 " grave matron has lost her honour, many a
 " virgin has learned what she never knew;
 " but never any one return'd more virtuous
 " than

4. than she went. This lesson, tho' verify'd by daily experience, being not for his purpose, he is careful to avoid; but instead thereof, extols his art, as capable of charming the mind, and making a young handsome lady so accomplish'd, as to render her power irresistible to those that beheld her. Miss is sure to be told, as often as he reaches her, of her fine legs and feet, her round and well-turn'd body, graceful mein and carriage; which, if well improv'd, will by degrees make her the admiration of the world. To tickle Miss's fancy, and the beholders, he will, under pretence that good company is a great addition towards the improvement of an art, in which in a great measure she must fix the hopes of her greatest perfections, introduce some lewd and debauch'd disciples of his to dance with Miss; who, upon this occasion, are not sparing to let loose their tongues, and to infuse into the young scholar, by their discourse, such notions as perhaps she never thought of before. Not to mention the enormities and extravagancies committed at the balls, in the most publick dancing-schools; where, by the antick gestures, antick tunes, and obscene airs, shameless hands, and sometimes also by immodest kisses, youth is initiated to the very practice of wantonness. But to return to our domestic education, whilst the dancing-master labours hard to make his young female scholar a perfect pattern and master-piece of his art, and she, poor willing tit, very delightful in following his steps, and practicing sometimes all night long! To second her master's endeavours, her tutoress, in order to improve the natural faculties of her mind, as well as the dancing-master does the activity of her body,

takes

takes care to furnish her young mistress (who now begins to come to Years of Maturity) with rare histories of lust, of fornications, and adulteries; with surprizing romances, engaging novels, enticing comedies, and wanton Songs; nay, sometimes, with Ovid's art of love, and, perhaps, with some of a worse stamp. But for fear the young lady should not be so apt a scholar as to apprehend so soon the mysteries of all these voluminous pieces, Madam Tutores, not to be deficient in her duty, and at the same time to shew her experience in amorous affairs, will not be wanting to illustrate the difficult passages with her own annotations and observations, and render every thing so obvious to her, that she must be one of a very dull apprehension, if she is not fully convinced of the thing. Rather than fail, the old gentlewoman will bring in some love intregues of her own; she will tell her how many lovers, or sweet-hearts (the better to palliate the Matter) she had, what presents they made her; nay, how they courted and lov'd her; that unless the young lady be naturally of a very insipid and phlegmatick disposition, she sets her a longing for the same thing, and wishes she might have been in her stead at that time. Judge now what sort of improvements such fine proceedings can produce, since they serve only to season the most innocent with pride, vanity, luxury, voluptuousness, a light carriage, insolence, craft, impudence, and arrogance; not to say worse. I see by your very countenance, you are impatient to object against me, That these modest looks, smiling faces, and sweet deportments, are in themselves sufficient to contra-

contradict those flanders and characters I impose upon 'em, perhaps to divert, or revenge myself at the expence of the fair sex: But have a little patience, you will, perhaps, be in a better mood, young man, when I shall make it out to you, as I intend to do, That they bestow at length, as much time and pains in the art of dissimulation, as they do in setting out their faces.

Character of a pretty Milk-Maid.

IS a Country Wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of her's is able to put all face-physick out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is herself) is far better than outsides of tiffue; for tho' she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is deck'd in innocency, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil both her complexion and conditions; nature hath taught her, too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with chaunticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her corfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats thro' her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk the whiter or sweeter; for never came almond glove or aromatique ointment of her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wish'd

wish'd to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter's evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair; and in chusing her garments, counts no bravery i'th'world, like decency. The garden and beehive are all her physick and chirurgery, and she lives the longer for't. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep i'th'night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet to say truth, she is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not paused with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

The CHARACTER *of a good* LORD-MAYOR.

THE Office of a Lord-Mayor is a place of the greatest importance to the Citizens who reside under his government; for according

as he executes this high trust, a whole city is made either happy or miserable ; every individual member of the body politick, as in the natural body, sympathizes with the head ; if that is well and clear of all distempers, all the rest of the members rejoice with it ; but if the head, which is the seat of reason and the throne of the soul is clouded with meagrim, disturb'd with excruciating pains, or convulsed with fits of madness or melancholy, the whole human frame suffers with it. The end of government is the happiness of the people ; and when governors make that their only aim, they answer the design of their institution ; but when they deviate from this rule, when they turn tyrants and oppressors, and have more regard for their own interest than that of the publick, from whom they received their commission, for whose good alone they ought to act, and to whom alone they are accountable ; in such case it is no crime or injustice to deprive them of that power they make so ill an use of.

But let us now wait upon my Lord-Mayor ; and let our first visit be paid him at the Hall where he holds his Mayoralty, or at his Chamber, where we shall see him sitting in his judicial capacity hearing and determining by his own authority small causes among the lower class of citizens. Here we shall often see the poor preferring complaints against their parish officers, for depriving them of the benefit of some donations that were left for charitable uses, and perverted by these cormorants to satiate their gluttonous appetites, or feed the cravings of their unbounded avarice. Here you may often behold a poor wretch petitioning for redress, who has been cruelly used by these parochial

chial gentlemen, and suffer'd to starve and perish in the streets, because they are not fully satisfied that the unhappy creature belongs to their parish. In both these cases his lordship hears the complainant with all imaginable candour and patience; and if upon an impartial hearing it appears that the poor are really oppress'd, defrauded, or ill-us'd, he will take particular care that justice shall be done them, and will brow-beat, discountenance, and even punish those who have presumed so far on their own imaginary power as to afflict and mal-treat the helpless poor, the widow, the fatherless, or the orphan.

As to assaults and private quarrels and abuses, which are often the effects of liquor, my lord will be sure to advise them to make up amicably the differences between them; will convince them that the prosecution, by the great expence that must attend it, will be little benefitted by it; and that after they have carry'd the prosecution to its full extent, and they have sold and pawn'd all they are worth in the world to be revenged of each other, to the impoverishing themselves and their families, they will then, but too late, curse their folly and phrenzy, which suffered them not to hearken, at first, to the dictates of unprejudiced reason.

When persons, charg'd with felonious acts are brought before him, he examines with great circumspection the evidences who are to support the accusation. He considers that the life, or at least the liberty of a subject, depends very much on this act of his authority; and therefore he will take all possible care that no witness shall swear falsely, that malice and private pique are not the chief ingredients in

the accusation, and that the accuser is influenc'd by nothing but a principle of justice in bringing his charge.

But now his Lordship is ready to take coach for Guildhall. His officers are all rang'd in order; his coach, which, for the richness and beauty of its carving, gilding, and painting, the magnificence of its workmanship, and the prodigality of expence that has been lavish'd upon it, well suits the dignity and grandeur of that wealthy and populous city it was made to support and represent, now waits to receive him; he sits in it with becoming dignity, attended by the bearers of the sword and mace; he proceeds with his train of followers and attendants properly clad; he arrives at Guildhall; he goes into the court of alderman his brethren, among whom he presides as moderator of their debates, and his opinion always challenge the greatest regard. Here the affairs of the greatest consequence to the government and welfare of the city are canvas'd and transacted; and here party and private interest will often mix themselves with affairs of a publick concern. In this case it will require all his lordship's experience and sagacity to distinguish between true and false patriotism, and to throw the weight of his judgment into the scale of truth and justice.

The court of aldermen being broke up, let us join his lordship's retinue, and follow him in his coach of state to the old-bailey. No sooner does he appear, but the gates fly open, and a free passage is made to the bench, where he sits as supreme judge of life and death; and the recorder, his deputy, and the king's judge, if any happen to be there, are, properly speaking,

ing, no more than his assistants. By virtue of which power he will take care that justice shall be impartially distributed, will quash any irregular proceeding, and see that every criminal that is try'd at the bar shall have fair play for his life.

On saturday night the sessions generally end at the old-bailey; and the next day being sunday, his lordship, accompany'd by the sheriffs, and as many of the aldermen as please to go with him, rides in his coach of state, attended with the city regalia, to St. Paul's church, where he pays his devotions to the Almighty in publick. This is a duty which a good Lord-Mayor will not neglect; since it shews his thankfulness and gratitude to the Divine Being, to whom alone he is indebted for the elevated station he enjoys above his fellow-citizens; and as it exhibits a pattern of piety rarely seen among the great, who are oftner examples of vice and corrupted morals, than of religion and virtue.

In short; a good Lord-Mayor will take all the care that in him lies, that justice shall be impartially administer'd in all the courts under his jurisdiction; that the rich citizens shall not defraud the poor by false weights or measures; that his officers shall not be guilty of oppression or extortion in the execution of their respective offices; that peace and order shall be preserv'd thro' the city; that he will never lessen or degrade the dignity of his high office by any irregularities of his own; but will discharge every part of his important trust in a manner that shall best support the interest and grandeur of the city, and bring honour to himself.

A De-

*A Description of the several Prisons,
their Keepers, &c.*

IN the Descriptions of the Prisons, we shall begin with Ludgate, which (as Geoffry of Monmouth saith) was originally built by king Lud, a Briton, about the year of Christ 66: This gate is suppos'd to be one of the most ancient; and as Aldgate was built for the East, so was Ludgate for the West.

In the Year 1260, Ludgate was repaired, and adorned with the images of Lud, and other kings, as appeareth by letters patents of licence given to the citizens of London, to take up stone for making those images, dated the 25th of Henry III. These had their heads smitten off, and were otherwise much abused, in the reign of Edward the sixth, by unadvised persons, and such who judged every image to be an idol. In the reign of Queen Mary they were again repaired, and had new heads set to their old bodies.

In the year 1586, the 28th of Queen Elizabeth, the gate, being very much decayed, was quite taken down, and newly and beautifully built, with the images of Lud and others, on the East-side, and that of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth on the West. All which was done at the common charge of the citizens, amounting to 1500 l. or upwards.

This gate was made a free-prison, in the year 1378, the first of Richard II. Nicholas Brembar being mayor. The same was confirmed in the year 1382, John Northampton, mayor, by

by a common-council in the Guildhall. In which it was ordained, that all freemen of the city, should, for debt, trespasses, accompts, and contempts, be imprisoned in Ludgate; and for treasons, felonies, and other criminal matters, committed to Newgate.

In the year 1439, the 10th of King Henry VI. John Wells, being mayor, a court of common-council established ordinances, as William Standon and Robert Chicheley, late mayors, had done before, concerning the guard and government of this, and other prisons.

This gate was greatly enlarged by Stephen Foster, some time mayor of London, who having been a prisoner in this place, when begging at the grate, was by a certain rich widow interrogated, What sum would discharge him? He replied, twenty pounds, which she generously disburs'd; and taking him into her service, he, by an indefatigable application to business, gain'd the affections of his mistress to such a degree, that she made him her husband; and having greatly enrich'd himself by commerce, amidst his affluence, bethought himself of the place of his confinement; and having acquainted his lady with his design, she readily concurred therein: Whereupon they heartily set about putting the same in execution, which was to enlarge the prison; and in order thereunto, caus'd divers of the houses contiguous to the gate to be pulled down, and on the scites, thereof, erected a strong square stone building, containing the following rooms, viz. The porch, the paper-house, watch-hall, upper and lower lumberies, cellar, long ward and the

the chapel; in the last of which, on the wall, in a copper plate, was the following inscription, viz.

Devout Soules, that passe this Way,
For Stephen Foster, late Maior, heartily
pray,
And Dame Agnes, his Spouse, to God con-
secrate,
That Pitie this House made for Londoners
in Ludgate.
So that for Lodging and Water, Prisoners
here nought pay,
As their Keepers shall all answere at dread-
ful Doomes Day.

There is in the chapel the following inscrip-
tion: " This Chapel was erected and ordained
" for the Divine Worship and Service of God,
" by the Right Honourable Sir Stephen Foster,
" Knight, some time Lord-Mayor of this Ho-
" nourable City, and by Dame Agnes his Wife,
" for the Use and godly Exercise of the Priso-
" ners in this Prison of Ludgate, A. 1454."

The worthy founder not only settled a sala-
ry upon the chaplain of this prison, but like-
wise appointed, that the use of all the rooms
in his additional building should be for ever
free to all unfortunate citizens (finding their
own bedding) and also water, as appears by
the above inscription.

The present gate was erected A. D. 1586.
with the statue of Queen Elizabeth on the west
front, and those of King Lud, and his two sons
on the east; the three last whereof, Mr. Mait-
land says, tend greatly to the dishonour of this
great

great and opulent City, to have the representations of such fabulous princes placed over its principal gate; and I presume to express my opinion, that the taking them down and erecting in their stead the effigies of the illustrious and celebrated Roman and London historians, the incomparable Tacitus, would greatly tend to the honour of this famous Metropolis, as he was the first author that ever mention'd it.

The domestick Government of this Prison having something very singular and remarkable in it, I presume an account thereof will not be unacceptable to the reader. I shall therefore insert a compendious abstract thereof from an account publish'd some time ago by one who had been a long time prisoner therein.

For the quiet and good government of this Prison, and the punishment of Crimes and Misdemeanors therein committed, the Master-keeper and Prisoners from among themselves chuse the following Officers, viz. A Reader of Divine Service; an Upper Steward, call'd the Master of the Box; an Under Steward; seven Assistants, who by turns officiate daily; a running Assistant; two Church-wardens; a Scavenger; a Chamberlain; a running Post, and the criers or beggars at the grates, who are generally fix in number.

The Reader is chosen by the Master-keeper, Stewards and Assistants, and not at a general Election, as the other Officers are. The Reader, besides reading prayers, was originally obliged to ring the bell twice a day for prayers, and also for the space of a quarter of an hour before nine at night, as a warning for all strangers to depart the prison; but for the dignity of his office, he is now exempt from those ser-

vices, and others in his stead are appointed to perform them. This officer's salary is two shillings and eight-pence per month, and a penny of every prisoner at his entrance, if his garnish amount to sixteen-pence; and a dish of meat out of the Lord-Mayor's basket.

The Upper Steward, or Master of the Box, is by all the prisoners held in equal esteem with the keeper of the prison; and to his charge is committed the keeping of all the several orders of the house, with the accounts of cash receiv'd upon legacies; the distribution of all the provisions sent in by the Lord-Mayor, and others; the cash receiv'd by garnish and begging at the grates, which he weekly lays out in bread, candles, and other necessaries. He likewise keeps a list of all the prisoners, as well those that are upon the charity, as those that are not; to each of them, by the aid of the assistant for the day, he distributes their several proportions of bread and other provisions. He receives the gifts of the butchers, fishmongers, poulterers, and other market people, sent in by the clerk of the market by the running Post, for which he gives a receipt, and afterwards, in the presence of the assistant for the day, exposes all to sale to the charity men, by way of market; and the money arising thereby is deposited in the common stock, or bank.

This Officer, with the Under Steward, Assistant and Church-wardens, are elected monthly by the suffrages of the prisoners; but all the other Officers, except the Chamberlain, are appointed by the Master-keeper, Stewards, and Assistants. The design of these frequent elections is, to prevent frauds and abuses in the respective officers; but when they are known to be

be men of probity, they are generally re-elected, and often continue in such posts many months. The monday after every election, the accounts are audited and pass'd; and the balance divided; and if it amount to three shillings and four-pence per man, the keeper of the prison arbitrarily extorts from each prisoner two shillings and four-pence, without the least colour of right; but if the dividend rises not so high, then he only takes one shilling and two-pence; the other moiety being charged to the prisoner's account, to be paid at the time of his discharge; which new and detestable impositions are apparently contrary to the intention of the founder.

Another great grievance the distrefs'd and miserable prisoners are subject to, is their being obliged to pay the turnkey twelve shillings per month, for no other service than that of opening the door, to let in gifts and charities sent to the prison, which often amounts to little more than what he receives.

The Under Steward is an Assistant, or Deputy, to the Upper Steward, in whose absence or indisposition he performs the several functions of his office.

The assistants being seven in number, are chosen monthly with the Stewards; one whereof officiating daily, his business is to attend in the hall, to enter all charities, and keep an account of the money taken out of the boxes, which are open'd at five o'clock in the afternoon, and at nine at night, which money he pays to the Upper Steward, at the passing of whose accounts the assistants are auditors.

Every person put in nomination for the office of an assistant, refusing to serve, forfeits one shilling to the use of the publick, or in lieu

thereof, to be put in fetters for three days. The officiating assistant is invested with a magisterial power, whereby he can commit a prisoner to the stocks or shackles, for the abuse of any person. This officer is to see the cellar cleared every night by ten o'clock, of all the prisoners, for which he receives six-pence out of the charity-money; two-pence whereof is to his own use, two-pence to the Upper Steward, and two-pence to the running Assistant. This office was antiently in such esteem, that the Assistant at his entring upon it us'd nightly at eight o'clock to be usher'd into the hall, by an illumination of forty or fifty great candles, carried by so many prisoners.

The running Assistant's business is to attend upon the criers at the grates, to change money, and open the boxes; to put up candles in their respective places, attend upon the Stewards and Assistants, look after the clock, ring the bell for prayers, and is crier to the sale of provisions. His salary is four shillings and eight-pence per month, and an eighth part of the garnish-money.

The Church-wardens are chosen from among the youngest Prisoners. The Upper Warden's office is, to call to prayers on Sundays, after the bell has done ringing; and the Under Warden's is, to call the prisoners to prayers all other days. They are likewise to take cognizance of all persons who are upon the charity foundation, who in default of non-attendance are fined one penny each. The Under Warden's salary for this service is four-pence per month; and the penalty for not serving when duly elected, is four-pence.

The

The Scavenger's Office is, to keep clean the Prison, and to fetter and put in the Stocks all Offenders; for which he is intitled to receive from each Criminal one penny, together with a Salary of five shillings and eight-pence per month, and two-pence out of every sixteen-pence of the garnish-money.

The Chamberlain is chosen by the Keeper of the Prison, whose Office is to take care of all the Bedding and Linen belonging to the Keeper; to place Men at their coming in, and to furnish them with Sheets, and to give notice to Strangers to depart the Prison by Ten o'clock at Night. This Officer formerly was obliged to make the Charity-mens Beds, for which he receiv'd two-pence per month.

The running Post's business is, to fetch in a Basket the broken Meat from the Lord-Mayor, Clerk of the Market, private Families, and Charities given in the Streets, which are often so inconsiderable as not to admit of a dividend; wherefore 'tis disposed of by Sale or publick Market, as aforesaid. The Salary annex'd to this Office, is four shillings per month; one penny per month out of each Man's dividend, and one penny out of every sixteen-pence of garnish-money.

The Criers are six in number, two whereof daily beg at the Grates; he at the Grate within is allowed one fourth of what is given, and he on that on Black-friars side one Moiety of what is given there.

The present Keeper of Ludgate is Joseph Underwood, Esq; a Gentleman of an exceeding good Character, and well respected by the Prisoners. His Servants also bear good Characters, and it is thought that Ludgate was never better govern'd than at this Time

NEWGATE.

THIS Gate hath for a long Time been a Jail, or Prison, for Felons, and other Offenders, as appeareth by Records in the Reign of King John, and other Kings; among which there is one testifying, that in the Year 1218, the third of King Henry III. the King wrote unto the Sheriffs of London, commanding them to repair the Jail of Newgate for the safe keeping his Prisoners, promising that the Charges laid out should be allowed them upon their account in the Exchequer.

In the Year 1241, the Jews of Norwich were hang'd for circumcising a Christian Child; their House, called the Thor, was pulled down and destroyed; and Aaron, the Son of Abraham, a Jew at London, and other Jews were constrained to pay twenty thousand Marks at two Terms in the Year, or else to be kept perpetual Prisoners in Newgate at London, and in other Prisons.

Matthew Paris says, This Money was raised on the Jews to defray the extraordinary Charge the King had been at, in entertaining Thomas, Earl of Savoy, the Queen's Uncle, who came into England that Year to make him a Visit.

In the Year 1255, one John Offrem, a Prisoner, who had killed a Prior, related to the Queen, making his Escape out of Newgate, the King [Henry III.] was so much displeased at the City of London, on that account, that he sent for the Mayor and Sheriffs to come before him to answer for it. The Mayor laid the Fault upon the Sheriffs, to whom the Custody of the

the Prisoners within the City belonged; the Mayor therefore returned home, but the Sheriffs remained Prisoners for a Month or more, in the Tower, where the King then kept his Court; notwithstanding the Blame chiefly rested on the Bishop's Officers, for tho' the Sheriffs had given leave to imprison the Offender in the Jail of Newgate, yet they were to see him safely kept: However, the King demanded a Fine of 3000 Marks of the City.

In the Year 1326, Robert Baldocke, the King's Chancellor, was put into Newgate, in the third Year of Edward III.

In the Year 1327, Sir John Poultney gave four Marks a Year for the Relief of Prisoners in Newgate.

In the Year 1383, William Walworth gave somewhat to relieve the Prisoners in Newgate, as many others have done since.

In the Year 1414. The Jailers of Newgate and Ludgate died, and Prisoners in Newgate, to the Number of 64.

In the Year 1418. The Parson of Wrotham in Kent, was imprisoned in Newgate.

In the Year 1422. The First of Henry VI. Leave was given to John Coventre, Jenken Carpenter, and William Grove, Executors to Richard Whittington, to re-edify the Jail of Newgate, which they did with what he had left for that Purpose.

Thomas Knowles, Grocer, sometime Mayor of London, by Licence of Reynold, Prior of St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield, and also of John Wakering, Master of the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, and his Brethren, conveyed the Waste of Water, at the Cistern near the common Fountain, and Chapel of St. Nicholas, situate

situate by the said Hospital; to the Jails of Newgate and Ludgate, for the Relief of the Prisoners.

On the Tuesday after Palm-Sunday, in the Year 1431, all the Prisoners of Ludgate were conveyed to Newgate by Walter Chartsey, and Robert Large, Sheriffs of London; and on the 13th of April, the same Sheriff, thro' the false Suggestions of John Kingesell, Jailer of Newgate, led from thence 18 Freemen to the Competers, pinioned as if they had been Felons: But on the 16th of June, Ludgate was again appointed for Freemen, Prisoners for Debt, and the same Day the said Freemen enter'd by Appointment of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons; and by them Henry Deane, Taylor, was made Keeper of Ludgate.

In the Year 1457, a great Fray was in the North Country, between Sir Thomas Percy, Lord Egremond, and the Earl of Salisbury's Sons, in which many were maimed and slain; but in the End the Lord Egremond being taken, was by the King's Council found to be very much in Fault, and therefore condemned in great Sums of Money, to be paid to the Earl of Salisbury, and in the mean time committed to Newgate. Not long after, the Lord Egremond and his Brother, Sir Richard Percy, broke out of Newgate in the Night, and went to the King; the other Prisoners took the Leads of the Gate, and defended it a long while against the Sheriffs, and all their Officers, insomuch that they were forced to call more Aid of the Citizens, whereby, at last, they subdued them, and laid them in Irons.

The

The East-side of this Gate was began to be repaired in the Year 1630, Sir James Campbell, Knight being Mayor; and finished the Year following, in the Mayoralty of Sir Robert Drury, Baronet.

This Gate is the Common Jail for the County of Middlesex, and was wholly destroyed in the Fire of London, A. D. 1666; but now rebuilt far more strong, and convenient for that purpose: It hath a Postern on the North-side for Foot Passengers.

Mr. Robert Dow, Merchant-Taylor, who died A. D. 1612, appointed the Sexton, or Bellman of St. Sepulchre's to pronounce solemnly two Exhortations to the Persons condemned; for which, and for ringing the Passing-Bell, as they are carried in the Cart by the said Church, he left 26 s. 1 d. yearly for ever.

The Exhortation to be pronounced to the condemned Prisoners in Newgate, the Night before their Execution.

“ You Prisoners that are within,

“ Who for Wickedness and Sin;

“ After many Mercies shewn you, are appointed to die To-morrow, in the Forenoon: Give

“ Ear, and understand, that To-morrow Morn-

“ ing the greatest Bell of St. Sepulchre's shall

“ toll for you, in Form and Manner of a Passing-

“ Bell, as us'd to be toll'd for those that are at the

“ Point of Death, to the End that all godly

“ People hearing that Bell, and knowing it is

“ for you, going to your Deaths, may be stirred

“ up heartily, to pray to God to bestow his

“ Grace and Mercy upon you, whilst you live.

" I beseech you, for Jesus Christ his Sake, to
 " keep this Night in Watching and Prayer, for
 " the Salvation of your own Souls, while there
 " is yet Time and Place for Mercy: As know-
 " ing To-morrow you must appear before the
 " Judgment-Seat of your Creator, there to give
 " an Account of all Things done in this Life,
 " and to suffer eternal Torments for your Sins
 " committed against him, unless upon your
 " hearty and unfeigned Repentance, you find
 " Mercy, through the Merits, Death, and Pas-
 " sion of your only Mediator and Advocate,
 " Jesus Christ, who now sits at the Right-
 " hand of God, to make Intercession for as
 " many of you, as penitently return to him.
 The Admonition to be pronounced to the con-
 demned Criminals, as they pass by St. Sepul-
 chre's Church-Wall to Execution.

" All good People, pray heartily unto God
 " for these poor Sinners, who are now going to
 " their Death, for whom this great Bell doth
 " toll.

" You that are condemned to die, repent
 " with lamentable Tears: Ask Mercy of the
 " Lord, for the Salvation of your own Souls,
 " through the Merits, Death, and Passion of
 " Jesus Christ, who now sits at the Right-hand
 " of God, to make Intercession for as many of
 " you as penitently return unto him.

Lord have Mercy upon you.

Christ have Mercy upon you.

Lord have Mercy upon you.

Christ have Mercy upon you.

The

The Exhortation pronounced in Newgate is never used to Murderers; as may be observed in the Case of Sarah Malcolm, executed in Fleetstreet, March 7, 1732-3, for the Murder of Mrs. Lydia Dancombe, and her two Maids, Elizabeth Harrison and Anne Price, in the Temple, who hearing it made to some Criminals that were executed two Days before her, desired it might be repeated the Night before she died; but was told, that it was not allowed in Cases of Murder.

The Ornaments on this Gate are, on the West-side, three Ranges of Pilasters, and their Entablatures, of the Tuscan Order; over the lowest, is a circular Pediment, and above that, the King's Arms; the other Intercolumns are four Niches, replenished with as many Stone Figures, well carved in full Proportion, one of which representing Liberty, has carved on her Hat, the Word **LIBERTAS**, and the Figure of a Cat lying at her Feet, alluding to a noted Story of the former Founder of this Gate, Sir Richard Whittington, who is said to have made the first Step to his good Fortune, by the Assistance of a Cat.

The East-side is adorned likewise with a Range of Pilasters, and in three Niches are the Figures of Justice, Mercy, and Truth, with this Inscription under them.

“ This Part of Newgate was begun to be repaired in the Mayoralty of Sir James Campbell, Knight, A.D. 1630, and finished in the Mayoralty of Sir Robert Drury, Baronet, A. D. 1631; and being damaged by the Fire of London, was again repaired in the Mayoralty of Sir George Waterman, A. D. 1672.”

This Gate for upwards of 500 Years has been the common Jail for Felons of the City of London and County of Middlesex.

There is a Passage for the Prisoners to go down to the Sessions-House lately made from this Gate upon the City-Wall, which is found much more convenient than the former Method of bringing them down the Old-Bailey.

This Gate is one of the greatest Avenues of the City, and yet it at present enjoys but one Postern. There was some Talk, about two Years ago, that the Inhabitants of the Ward of Farringdon Within, intended to petition the City, to have a Postern made in the South-side of this Gate. How it came to pass, that so laudable and useful a Design was not carried into Execution, I know not; but this every one must be sensible of, who frequently passes and repasses this Gate, that such a Convenience for Foot Passengers is very much wanting. And I can, at present, see no Objection against the making such a Foot-way thro' the South-side of this Gate, except the Expence thereof, which, indeed, is no Objection at all.

The Cells in Newgate are only for those Persons who are under Sentence of Death; though Smugglers have frequently been confin'd there, and about two Years since several broke out of the Cells, by making a Hole in the Wall with an Iron Crow; but since that Time the Walls have been built with Free Stone, strongly cemented, so that 'tis next to impossible to break out. In these Cells, where the condemn'd Malefactors are imprison'd, may be seen several Devices, either cut with a Knife on the Walls, or made with the Smoke of a Candle on the Ceiling; such as a Street-Robber stopping a Man to rob

rob him, or a Pick-pocket picking Pockets, with the Names of the several Persons who had been confin'd in such a Cell, and the Days on which they were executed. Some of these Things are exceeding well done; for to be sure, many unhappy Persons have been there who had Capacities, and might have supported themselves in their several Stations, without taking unlawful Courses for their Subsistence.

The Cells of Newgate are not quite so large as those in Bethlehem Hospital, where Lunatics are confin'd. They are very strong on the Inside, the thick Planks of the Walls being either nail'd, or lin'd with Iron. On the Floor is a Staple, to which a great Padlock belongs; and if the Keepers are apprehensive that any of the Criminals intend to make their Escapes, they lock them down to the Floor in the Night-time, but give them a sufficient length of Chain, that they may with Ease lie in their Beds, or little Hammocks. The Prisoners confin'd here, have only a small Table, and Stool to sit on; and for their great Conveniency there is a Necessary Place at the End of the Entry which leads to the Cells. The Cells are undoubtedly the strongest Places in the whole Goal, and unless Persons who are actually under Sentence of Death, very few are confin'd in them; and, indeed, only such as have endeavour'd to make their Escape from either the Master's or the Common Side of Newgate.

When a Felon is committed to Newgate, if he is desirous of being on the Master's Side, there is a Fee of about 11 or 12 s. to be paid before he can be admitted, and about 3 s. 6 d. for his Lodgings, besides the Garnish, which the Keepers have nothing at all to do with. This Money

Money the Prisoners claim as their Property, tho' in Fact, 'tis nothing more than Custom, and is a very great Imposition on poor Prisoners in general, who perhaps are obliged even to pledge or sell their necessary wearing Apparel to pay this Fee; and if they will not comply, the Prisoners will strip them of their Clothes. But this Custom, or rather Cruelty, seems to be near at an End, for the Court of Oyer and Terminer, being sitting at Justice-Hall in the Old-Bailey, in June Sessions 1742; a Complaint was made by a Female Prisoner who came to take her Trial for a Felony, that a Woman in Newgate (who calls herself a Warder) had taken all her Clothes from her, on Pretence that she must have them for Garnish. The Court declar'd, that all such Practices were illegal and inhuman, and directed, that a Bill should be prefer'd against the Woman for Felony, which was accordingly done; and she brought to the Bar, and convicted of stealing her Fellow-Prisoner's Apparel, and sentenc'd for Transportation.

Several Instances of this Kind might be quoted, particularly the three Bailiffs who were condemn'd about 12 or 13 Years ago, for robbing a Man in New-Prison, on Pretence of Garnish. They were indeed afterwards repriev'd, but order'd for Transportation for 14 Years each. And about five Years ago two Men, who were confin'd in the Marshalsea Prison, Southwark, for Debt, because they had taken away a Prisoner's Clothes whilst he was asleep, were both committed to the New Gaol in Southwark by Sir John Lade, Bart. and carried down to Kingston to be try'd; and had Bills of Indictment found against them both; but as the injur'd Per-

son was asleep when the Robbery was committed, and not being able to prove the two Men were the Persons who took away his Clothes, the Jury acquitted them; tho' the Court gave them a severe Reprimand, and caution'd them never to offend again in the like Manner.

The Head Keeper of Newgate is Thomas Bold, Esq; who is likewise Bailiff of the Borough of Southwark. His Deputy is Mr. Richard Ackerman, both Gentlemen of good Behaviour, and very humane to the Prisoners. There are three Turnkeys under Mr. Ackerman, viz. Wilcox, Nichols, and one Townsend; the two former are well respected, but the latter is despis'd by all that know him. The Fees at Newgate are not taken as usual, for all such Persons as are acquitted, are immediately turn'd out of Court at the Old-Bailey; but those who are convicted of Petty-Larcenies, Manlaughter, Bigamy, &c. and receive corporal Punishment, are obliged to pay the Fees, which amount to twenty-two Shillings.

There are two Compters in London, viz. one in the Poultry, and the other in Woodstreet, Cheapside. The Keeper of the Poultry Compter is Mr. Davis, and of Woodstreet, Mr. Rigby. They are both Gentlemen who behave well in their Offices. In these Compters are a great Number of Persons for Debt, who are arrested by the Serjeants at Mace within the Liberties of the City. There are also Felons committed to both these Compters (but particularly Woodstreet) who are always removed to Newgate six Days before the Sessions.

New-Prison is a Gaol of Ease to Newgate, and is situate near Clerkenwell Church. The
Keeper

Keeper is appointed by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, who is Custos Rotulorum of the County of Middlesex. His Name is Cavenaugh. The Character of this Prison, and those who belong to it can best be given by such unhappy Persons who have the Misfortune to be committed thither.

The Gatehouse is situate in Westminster, near the Abbey, and the Persons who are committed thither are such as commit Offences within that City and Liberty, who are removed (six Days before every Sessions) to Newgate to take their Trials at the Old-Bailey. The Head Keeper is Mr. Horabin, and his Turnkey Thomas Cutler. They both behave well to the Prisoners.

At Tothill-Fields in Westminster is the House of Correction, the Governor of which is Mr. Samuel Atterfoll. He is an honest, worthy, generous and humane Man, and never was any Prisoner in his Custody, but gives him the best of Characters.

In Southwark is the County Gaol for Surrey; the Head Keeper is Mr. Richard Jones, a Man universally belov'd and respected. His Turnkey is Richard Johnson, a merry, honest facetious Fellow. The King's Bench Prison is also in Southwark; but as there are so many Officers and Servants belonging to that Gaol and the Fleet, that it is impossible to give their Characters. In Southwark is also a Compter, the Clink, the Marshalsea, and a House of Correction; but they are all such indifferent Lodgings, that we heartily wish that none of our Readers may ever take up their Quarters there.

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